

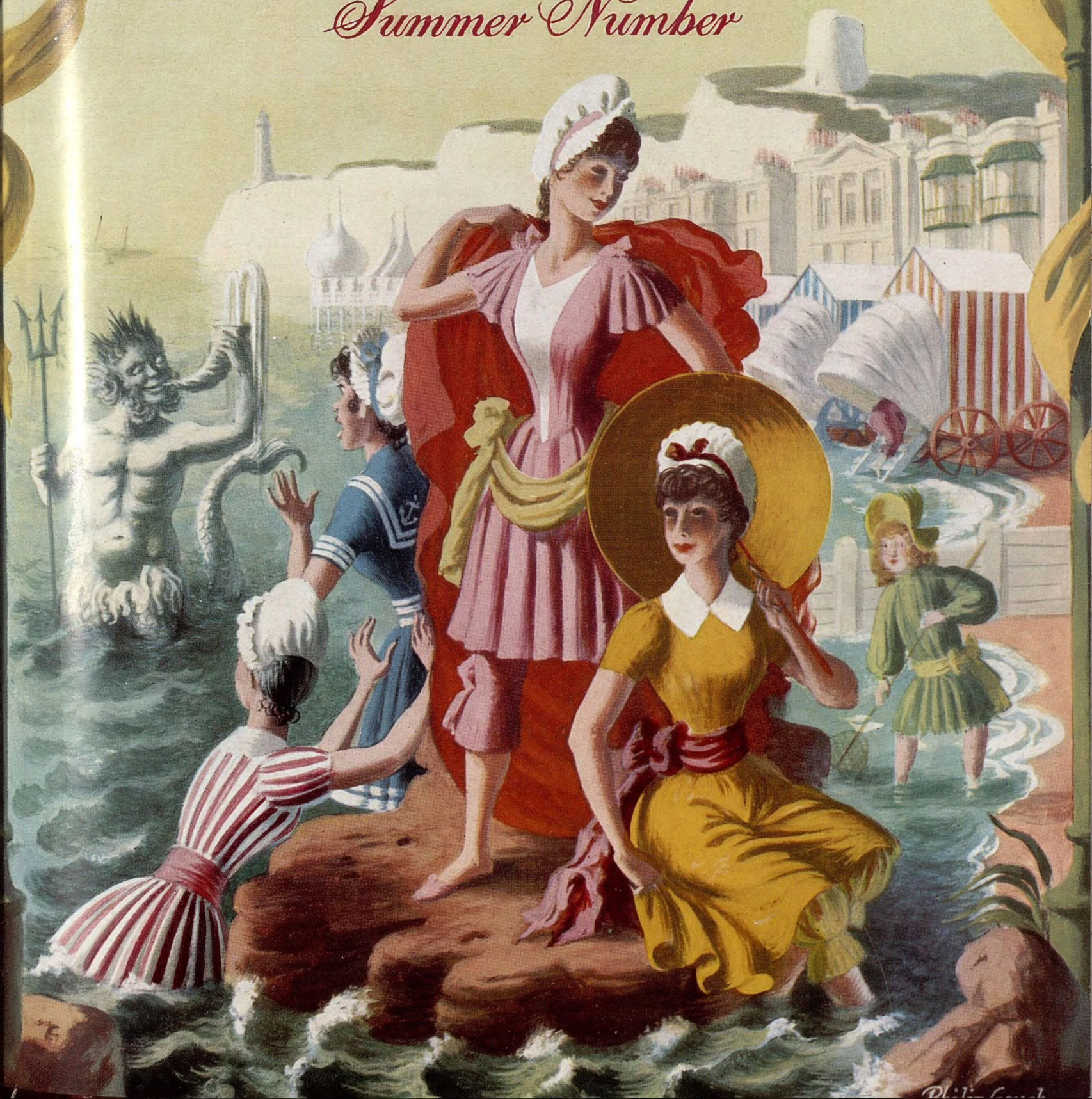
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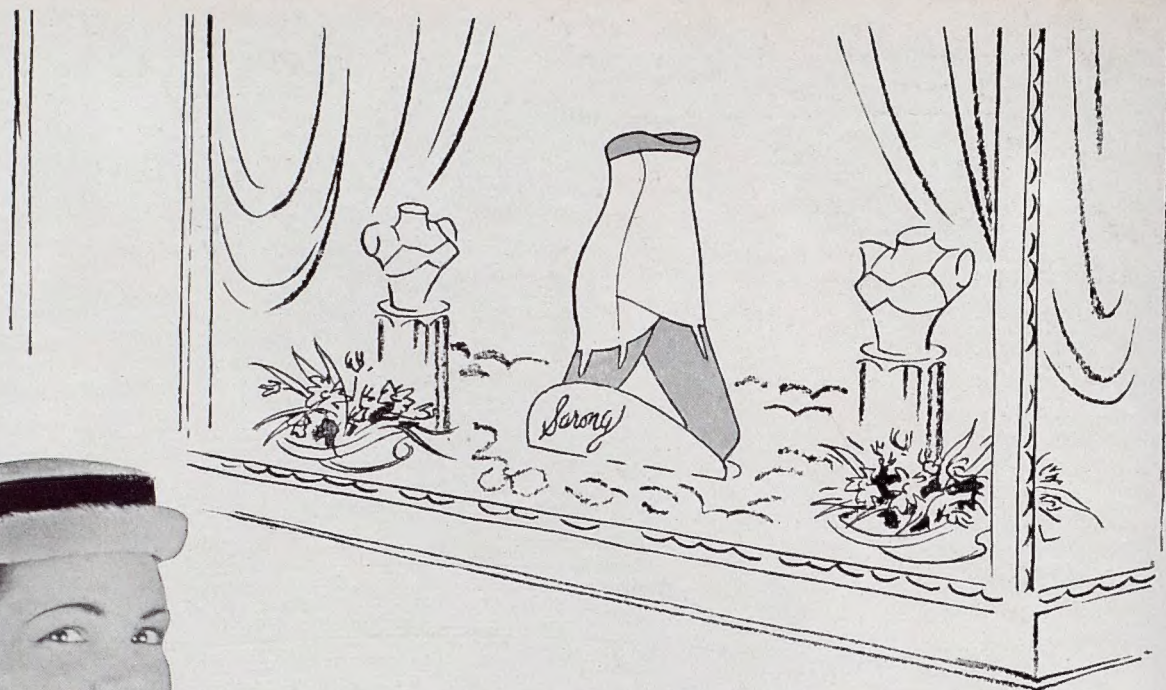
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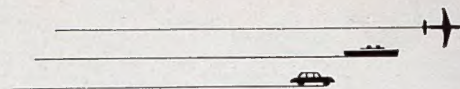
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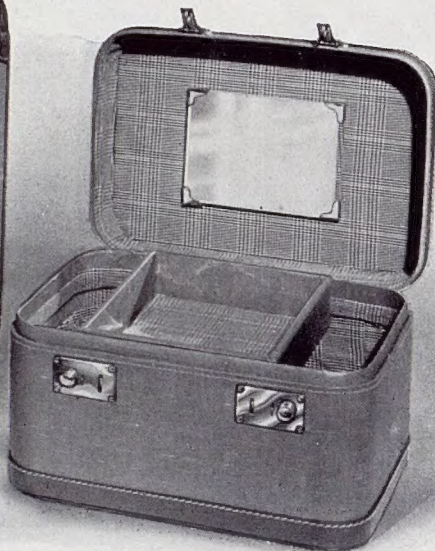
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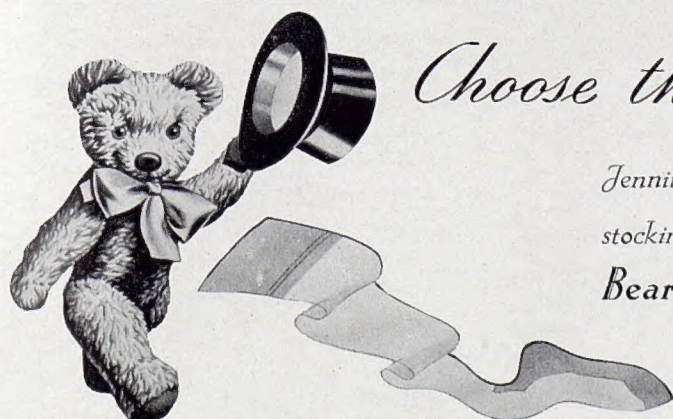
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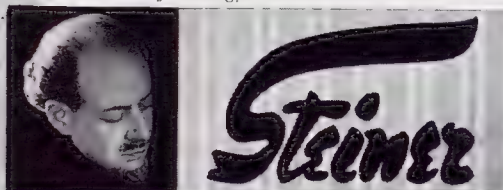


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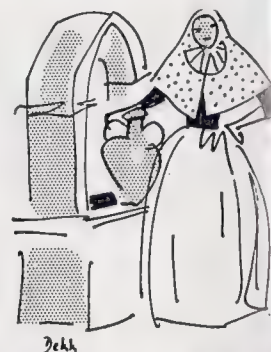
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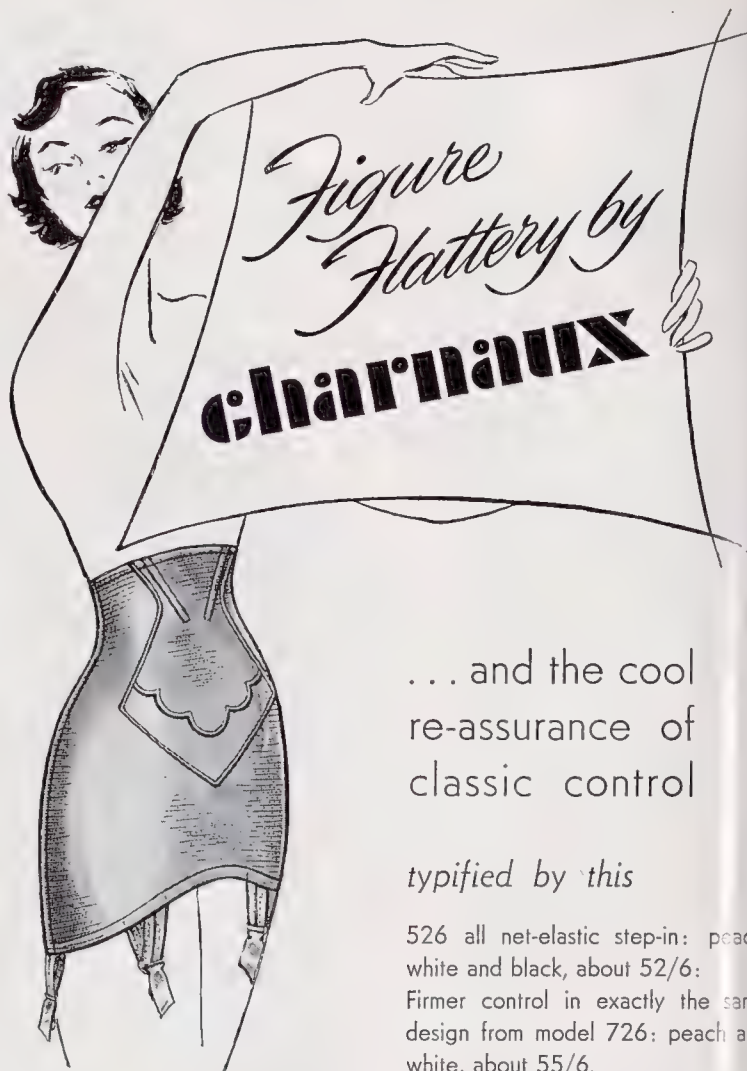
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Swaebe

"HORSES? YOU SHOULD
ASK ME ABOUT THEM"

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Janet Hodgson is in no doubt whatever of her destiny in one respect—a horse, dark or light, will be continually crossing her path, inviting her to mount. She was a competitor in the Leading Rein Class at the Royal Windsor Horse Show, riding her own pony Risorial; in whose horse-box she is here standing. More pictures of the show will be found on pages 502-505

ROYAL WINDSOR BROKE RECORDS

UNDER the grey shadow of the Castle, horse lovers from all over the country gathered to watch the Royal Windsor Show. In spite of bleak weather, attendance was good, and a high standard prevailed. Jennifer describes the event on pages 505-6



The Duchess of Norfolk presents the cup to the winner of the Child's Pony Class, Miss Gay Coates, on Kavora My Pretty Maid



During the afternoon, members of the Household Cavalry took part in the Musical Ride, one of the most spectacular events of the whole show



Two of the judges, Col. Sir Dermot McMorrough Kavanagh, G.C.V.O., also a vice-president, and the Hon. Lady Hardy



Among the spectators of the Child's Pony Class were Mrs. Charles Morrison, Mr. R. W. Dean, Mr. C. Morrison and Miss Ann Morrison



In their splendid uniforms the Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) brought an echo of traditional pageantry to the scene



Watching the Continental Six Bars Jumping Competition were Mrs. Richard Worsley, Miss Valentine Nash, Mr. R. Worsley and Mr. Martin Reed

AT THE RACES

Waiting For The "Off"

• Sabretache •

FOR some almost inscrutable reason the Newmarket Stakes has never been rated as good a gallop for the Derby as the Two Thousand Guineas, and does not, as a general rule, attract as good a field; and consequently only a comparatively small number of the colts that have won it have gone on to win the big race. Pinza did last year, and he also was ridden by Gordon Richards as was this year's winner Elopement. May this prove to be of happy augury for the little man, though we now know that he did not decide to pick Elopement for his Derby ride. It is nobody's business except Gordon's, but personally I should not hesitate very long between one who may get out on the wrong side of his bed and one who is not given that way! What an incalculable thing temperament is: ten per cent temper the rest mental, and there never has been any real cure, either of horse or man. Everything may seem to be all serene in both cases, when something quite trivial may happen and upset the whole apperception. I am sure that most of us have seen this happen many a time. This is the reason why most people prefer "the steady and stolidly jolly bank holiday" sort, and leave the other kind severely alone, especially if they want to bet, as most racing folk do.

SINCE the Lingfield Derby Trial Rowston Manor has quite deservedly been all the cry, but how can we be certain how much he had behind him? For the Queen's sake we all hope a lot, but no one can really know in spite of statements that Landau is quite genuine. I expect most people may take this with a big pinch of salt, but let us hope that today will be one of his going days. Mr. Soapey Sponge once owned a horse called Multum In Parvo, and when he was in the mood, nothing would stop him, but when he wasn't nothing would induce him to give an honest performance. I have always thought that Mr. Sponge was a very lucky person not to have broken his neck. Whether we are at the end of these numerous surprises no one can tell, but let us hope so. The outsider some people have backed is this colt from Ireland called Blue Sail, about whom we know very little.

I CANNOT refrain from reiterating the opinion that it will be wise not to be in too great a hurry to get out of our Ambler II money, even if we can hedge it. I am convinced that he is a very good colt, in spite of Lingfield, and he might quite easily beat more than beat him. Like most of us he has his "moments," and much happened to upset him at Lingfield.

I suggest that Darius *each way* might show a small profit!

I am sure that the two big ones, Rowston Manor and Infatuation, are very good but—! Epsom?

Anyone who thinks of riding in anything but a donkey cart after a bad concussion must have more of the talkative roadster of Baalam in his composition than most of us, and therefore it was not surprising to learn that Gordon Richards's doctor put his foot down firmly and kept it down. A fall on the flat is usually worse than a fall over a fence, because there is nothing whatever to break it. They talk of "a fortnight's rest." If it is anything like it sounds, four times that period would not be too long.



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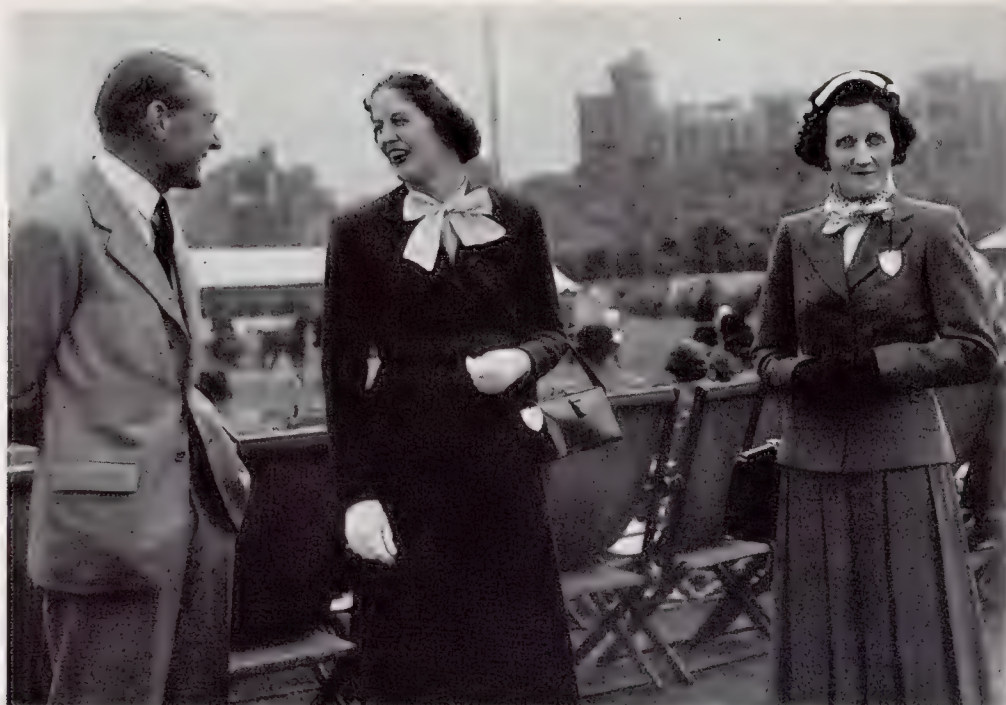
Continuing—

MOST PRINCELY HORSE SHOW

GREAT interest centred, at the Royal Windsor Horse Show, on the new Six Bars jumping event in which five riders tied. The dramatic floodlit evening session was also very popular



Major and Mrs. John Cole, from Berkshire, studied the entries for the Pair of Children's Ponies Class



Major John and the Hon. Mrs. Wills chatted to the Marchioness of Blandford (centre) in between events. In the background is Windsor Castle



Following the Hunter Championships with interest were Mr. Llewellyn Jones, Miss E. M. James and Mr. Horace Smith



Anxiously watching a close final were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hudson, whose home is Bayford Hall, Hertfordshire



The Marquess of Douro in conversation with the Countess of Westmorland. Behind are the Duke of Beaufort and Col. John Smith-Maxwell



Mr. John Maitland discussed the Hack Championships with Mr. John Simeon and Miss Sheila Dipple



Miss R. J. Catterall, Miss A. M. Macfarlane and Miss D. Lidstone were comparing their analysis of results

Swaebe



INSPECTING A JUMP with a practised eye was nine-year-old Susan Page. She was taking part in the children's jumping and rode her own pony, Barney X

usually interesting hunter championship, which kept spectators guessing until the very last moment. Mr. W. H. Cooper's great horse, the heavyweight hunter Mighty Atom who has won so many championships, was not present and the heavyweight class went to Mrs. Coriat's very nice bay Canopus. The middleweight class was won by Mr. H. N. Haldin's Earmark, ridden by Count Orssich.

Mr. Ronald Marmont's lovely chestnut Cufflink had earlier won the lightweight hunter class, and was again successful in the ladies hunter class when ridden side saddle by Mrs. Haggas, with Earmark placed second. The judges of this class were Lady Hardy and Mrs. Bourne who before her marriage, as Norah Walker, won many events in the show ring from her childhood days. These two ladies then joined Mr. E. D. A. Farmer and Mr. W. J. Manning, who had judged the other three hunter classes, to find the champion. It was a very popular decision when Earmark, on whom Count Orssich had put up a magnificent show, was awarded the championship, with Cufflink, still being ridden side saddle, as the very worthy reserve champion.

THE very strong small hunter class which came later in the day was won by the Hon. Mary Curzon's Rightaway ridden by Miss Joy Skelton, and Lord Wigram presented her with the silver salver which had been given by the Earl of Gowrie. The first jumping event, for which there were 102 entries, was won by one of the youngest competitors, Miss Susan Whitehead, riding her mother's horse Leprechaun, the only one to do a clear round in the jump off. Miss Rosalie Lewin on her own grey mare Jane Grey II was second, and third place was filled by the Household Cavalry entry, Bloodshot. Miss Pat Smythe riding Prima Donna, Miss Renee de Rothschild riding Felicity's Joy and Col. Jack Talbot-Ponsonby riding the Hon. Mrs. Hermon-Hodge's Barley Wine, were among the five riders tying for fourth place. Later there was a very picturesque musical ride by the Household Cavalry who repeated this performance on each of the three days. The Duke of Beaufort, who is president of the show, was watching the classes and presented several of the prizes.

ALSO watching from under the president's canopy were Col. Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, Lady Violet Vernon and Mrs. Ferris St. George. In the members' seats I saw Mrs. Philip Fleming who was judging mountain and moorland ponies, the Hon. Mrs. James Baird who rode the Duchess of Norfolk's entry in the ladies hunter class, and her daughter Miss Clare Jenkinson, Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh who won all three hack classes next day, also the hack championship on her own Blithe Spirit the same day, the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet over from Ireland for a few days, talking to the Hon. Mrs. Gwyne Morgan-Jones, and Lady Kent sitting with Mrs. Kenneth Kemble.

Lady Mary Crichton had her elder daughter

[Continued overleaf]

Social Journal

Jennifer

Ambassadors Met Her Highness

AN honoured—and witty—guest at a delightful cocktail party given by Lord and Lady Grantchester at their lovely home in Prince's Gate was H.H. Princess Marie Louise. The hostess, wearing a magnificent ruby and diamond brooch on her grey lace dress, stood with her husband at the entrance to their fine double drawing-room on the first floor. Here they welcomed more than 300 guests, including many members of the Diplomatic Corps, among them the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio, the Argentine Ambassador, and the Estonian representative and Mme. Torma. The Danish Ambassador could not come as the Danish Foreign Minister had just arrived in this country for talks.

The Earl and Countess of Selkirk were having a long chat with one of the host's brothers, Mr. John Taylor, who was going to America the following week. Mr. Harold Taylor and Mr. Gordon Taylor were also at their brother and sister-in-law's party. I met Lady Mountevans who has recently returned with Lord Mountevans from a stay in her native Norway, Lady Plender,

Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, and Mrs. Eric Philips and her charming daughter who had both just arrived from Toronto.

Elizabeth Countess of Bandon was sitting on a sofa at the end of the room conversing with Princess Marie Louise who was always surrounded by friends. Lord and Lady Grantchester's son and daughter, the Hon. Kenneth Suenson-Taylor and his wife and the Hon. Mrs. Graeme Parish and her husband, were there to help their parents.

Others enjoying this good party in one of the most beautiful homes in London included Lord and Lady Beveridge, Lady Reid-Dick, Sir Harold Hood, who has just been on a visit to the German vineyards, and the Hon. Lady Hood, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Capt and Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon, Lord and Lady Newall, General and Mrs. Grey and Sir Harry Brittain.

★ ★ ★

I WENT down for the opening day of the Royal Windsor Horse Show in the Home Park of Windsor Castle. This is always one of the most enjoyable shows of the year, exceptionally well run, and with a high standard of entries. This was primarily "hunters' day," and it was an un-



Chairman of the show Mr. Geoffrey Cross with Lady May Abel Smith and Mrs. D. Bourne



The Earl of Selkirk with the Countess, who was joint-chairman with Elizabeth Countess of Bandon. One of the features of the ball was the midnight cabaret, in which the cast of the Criterion revue "Intimacy At 8.30" took part

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Argentine Ministers At Canning House

Mrs. Alistair Nicholson, and her granddaughter Jennifer with her, and sitting nearby were the Earl and Countess of Willingdon, Miss Rose Lycett-Green with Sir Nicholas Nuttall, and Major and Mrs. Maurice Kingscote with Major and Mrs. Geoff Phipps Hornby and Major and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham.

Other keen horsemen and women I saw there included Mrs. Anthony Murray-Smith, very chic in a grey suit and little white cap, the Duchess of Norfolk also in grey—she judged children's ponies at the show—Lt.-Col. "Taffy" Walwyn, Col. V. D. S. Williams, Mr. Sam Marsh, Miss Fiona Munro who hunts and rides in horse shows in Scotland, and Miss Caroline Levy who hunts in Leicestershire.

★ ★ ★

PALE blue and white flowers, the Argentine colours, decorated the fine drawing-rooms of Canning House when Viscount Davidson, President of the Hispanic Council, and Viscountess Davidson, M.P., received the guests at a reception there given in honour of Señor Jeronimo Remorino, Foreign Minister of Argentina, the Argentine Ambassador, Señor Dr. Don Domingo A. Derisi, and Señor Alfredo Gomez Morales, the Argentine Minister of Economic Affairs.

The two Ministers were paying a brief business visit to this country and had had a very full programme. The previous day Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Minister of State, in the absence of Mr. Anthony Eden in Geneva, had given a luncheon party for them at Carlton Gardens. Earlier on the day I met them, they had lunched with Mr. R. A. Butler at 11 Downing Street, and there had been a dinner party in their honour at Canning House before the reception.

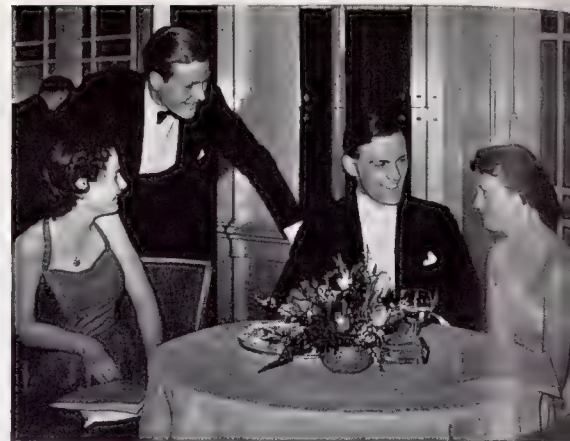
Señor Remorino, who has great charm and speaks fluent French but was diffident about his English, told me that although he had visited Paris several times, this was his first visit to London; he had found it very interesting and was thoroughly enjoying his stay. His chic and very charming sister, Señora Oliva Velerez, had come from Rome to

see her brother during his stay and was at the party with her husband, who is Argentine Ambassador to the Vatican, and was wearing the order of the Knights of Malta. Others there included the Lord Chancellor and Lady Simonds, the Hon. Gwilym and Mrs. Lloyd-George, Mr. Attlee, Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones and Dame Florence Bevin, who was greeting many friends.

The Argentine Ambassador, a splendid organizer and indefatigable worker who has earned the admiration of his staff and all who work with him, was also greeting many friends. He gave a big reception for the two Ministers at the Argentine Embassy next day. Señor Diego Lezico-Alvear



MRS. GRAHAM SHRUBSALL, whose husband is a member of Lloyd's, with her infant daughter, who was recently christened Belinda Jane at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The god-parents were Capt. Andrew Mayes, Coldstream Guards, Mr. Timothy Hedley, the Hon. Mrs. Donald Campbell and Miss Monica Craven



Mr. Ivor Edwards had come over for a word with Miss Jane Knight, Mr. Colin Murray and Miss Priscilla Coode-Adams

H.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE received the 350 guests at the dinner ball given in aid of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Fund at the May Fair Hotel. The Princess was president of the Ball Committee, which had arranged a delightful evening rich in the elements conducive to success

brought his pretty wife, and I met Sir Arthur and Lady Evans, Mrs. Maria Luise Arnold, introducing and looking after everyone, Sir Edward Peacock, and Mrs. Hewlitt with her mother Mrs. J. W. Taylor, whose husband was until recently our Ambassador in Mexico, and is now Director General of the Hispanic Council in London.

★ ★ ★

THE big ballroom at Grosvenor House was once again the setting for the Royal Caledonian Ball, one of the most colourful events of the London season. Nearly all the women wore clan tartan sashes on their evening dresses, and the men were in Highland dress, uniform or with coloured facings on their tail coats.

The evening started with a display of piping and dancing by boys and girls of the Royal Caledonian Schools. Then came the set reels (arranged by the Countess of Dunmore), invitations to dance in which are much coveted. As both battalions of the Scots Guards are overseas, their pipe band could not play this year, and their place was taken very efficiently by the pipe band of the Old Caledonians, old boys of the Royal Caledonian Schools, who piped the dancers on to the floor.

Firstly came the Atholl Highlanders led by the joint president of the ball, the Duke of Atholl, partnering the Countess of Mansfield who wore the palest grey lace dress with a satin top and a fine diamond tiara. In this set were Mrs. Andrew Moray, Capt. John and Lady Flavia Anderson, Major David Butter, Sir David Moncreiffe partnering Lady Malvina Murray, Mr. Robert Balfour with Lady Alison Bruce, the Earl of Mansfield with the Earl and Countess of Dunmore's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Mr. Angus Stirling, and Miss Virginia Murray. Dancing in the other sets were Viscount Tiverton partnering Miss Patricia Bagshawe, Mr. Lionel Walker-Munro with his cousin, débutante Miss Fiona Munro of Lindertis, Mr. C. Wolfe Murray and the Hon. Caroline Barrie, Viscount Colville of Culross dancing with the Hon. Margaret Bruce, and Mr. Malcolm Fraser with pretty Miss Jacynth Lindsay.

It was interesting to notice that most of the ladies in the set reels had chosen white evening gowns. Among the loveliest at the ball was the white and silver lace dress worn by Mrs. Ivan Straker, who was married a few weeks ago. This was her Hardy Amies wedding dress which had been transformed for evening wear. After the procession and set reels, the programme included many foxtrots and waltzes, intermingled with eightsores and several Scottish country dances.

Enjoying this gay annual event were, among



Four members of a very happy party were Col. John Trevor, Lady Stamp, Mrs. Daniel Swinden and Mr. Walter Luscher



Mr. Anthony Salt and Miss June Williamson had temporarily left the dance floor for refreshment



Mr. Barrie Cassey reaches the dénouement of a story he was telling Mrs. Cassey, Dr. Sonia Purdie and Mr. Kenneth Jeyes

hers, Lady Susan Askew who brought a big party, its members, including her débutante daughter Sarah who was dancing in the set reels, Hon. Charles Stourton, and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton who was wearing a diamond tiara with her evening dress, Miss Roddy Warren Pearl, Lady Ian Sinclair, and Lt.-Cdr. Robert de Pass, just one from Malta where he has been serving on General Earl Mountbatten's staff for two years. He was rather late arriving as he had been playing at Cowdray in the Navy team. I also saw Sir John Campbell-Orde who organizes the ball so well. Pictures of the ball are on pages 519-21.

★ ★ ★

MRS. CHARLES SMITH-RYLAND was the very youthful chairman of the second annual dinner dance in aid of the Girls Training Corps National Expansion Scheme, and carried out her duties most successfully. One could see at the dinner how many of her own personal friends and relations she had recruited to make this event a huge success. Wearing a black organza dress embellished with velvet and magnificent diamond brooch, she stood at the top of the stairs at the Park Hotel, receiving the guests with Lady Maxwell, president of the dinner, and Lady Maxwell who deputized for her husband Sir David Maxwell Fyfe who was to have been the guest of honour. He, like many other Members of Parliament that evening, had to cancel this engagement going to a Division in the House.

After dinner Lady Maxwell Fyfe made a speech proposing the toast of the Girls Training Corps to which Miss K. Curlett, Chairman of the G.T.C., responded in a very stirring way, telling us of the great work of the Corps. This is a voluntary, untrained youth organization which offers a training in citizenship and leadership to girls of fourteen to twenty years of age. Their headquarters are at Wimpole Street, W.1.

Among those who came to the dinner and dance to support this good cause were the Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton, Mr. John and the Hon. Mrs. Lakin, and Viscountess Melgund, very pretty in white, talking before dinner to Mr. Rory and Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin. Nearby Viscountess Galway was chatting with the Hon. Peter Ward. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parker were at a table with Mr. Frederick and the Hon. Mrs. Lowry-Corry, and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Holden White, the latter very chic in grey chiffon with a pleated skirt, Earl Bathurst, the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Samuel, Lt.-Col. Remington-Hobbs, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon-Spencer who had both helped tremendously in organizing the dance.

Photographs of this event will be found on pages 516-17.

★ ★ ★

A CHARMING and interesting little ceremony took place recently at the French Institute in Queensberry Place when a plaque was unveiled to the memory of the late Madame Norman Bohn, who founded the Institute. Soon after she came to England as a young French student to study English and found how indifferently her own language was taught, she made up her mind to

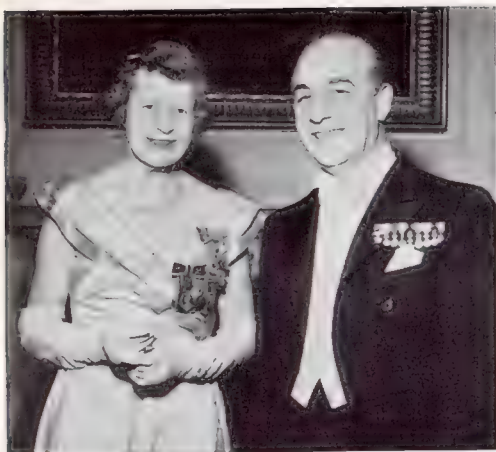
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Gathered for an informal conference between dinner and dancing were Mrs. W. A. Wardell, Mr. and Mrs. S. du Mont and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Turnbull



Miss Noelle Middleton, who contributed to the cabaret, F/Lt. Neil Reilly and Miss Jacqueline Mitton were admiring Sandra, a white Alsatian guide dog



Anglo-Argentine Dinner And Reception At Canning House

Viscountess Davidson, M.P., who was hostess at the reception, with the Argentine Foreign Minister, Dr. Jeronimo Remorino



Mrs. Escalante Posse, whose husband is the Minister-Counsellor at the Argentine Embassy, chatting to Mrs. Richard Allen



H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, Dr. Derisi, in conversation with the host, Viscount Davidson, President of the Hispanic Council

Social Journal (Contd.)

A Plaque Was Unveiled

found the French Institute. Though only a young girl at the time, but full of courage and charm, she achieved her object in 1910 when she was only nineteen.

It originated with fewer than a dozen members. Now there are over one thousand and it is one of the foremost French cultural and teaching centres in London today.

The French Ambassador was present at this ceremony with the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen and their daughter Evie who have been, for many years, great friends of the late Madame Bohn and her husband Mr. Norman Bohn, a Norwegian, who was present at the ceremony. The actual unveiling was performed by a very young student, Michael Brook, who is a pupil at the Lycée. Mr. Jourdans, Director of the French Institute, made a brief speech paying tribute to the way in which Madame Bohn had founded the Institute, and the great work being done there today. Her daughter Monique, now Countess Kinsky, who had just flown back from Canada to spend the summer with her father in England, then replied most charmingly in both French and English.

Among those present at this ceremony were Lady Askwith, another very close friend of the family who helped Madame Bohn in this wonderful effort, Senhora de Souza Leao Gracie, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador—he was, unfortunately, ill and unable to be present—the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Lady Mountevans, and many other friends.

★ ★ ★

THERE was a very large attendance at the U.N.A. annual dinner at which the Lord Mayor, Sir Noel Bowater, presided. Lady Bowater sat beside her husband and had Viscount Davidson on her left. At the end of dinner there was the passing of the Loving Cup, a tradition of long standing at Mansion House banquets.

Mr. Iain Macleod, Minister of Health, proposed the first toast "The United Nations Association," to which Mr. Herbert Morrison replied. Viscountess Davidson, M.P., then made a splendid appeal for financial support for the Association. The evening ended when Mr. Joseph Grimond, M.P. for Orkney and Shetland, proposed the toast of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, to which the Lord Mayor replied.

Mrs. Macleod was there to hear her husband speak and sat next to Maj.-Gen. L. O. Lyne, Chairman of the Executive Committee. Others at this very big gathering, which filled the banqueting

hall, included Lady (Elena) Bennett, Lord and Lady Grantchester, Sir Denys Lowson, Sir Charles and Lady Cunningham, the latter sitting next to Mr. Francis Bennett, a very promising young architect, and Miss Ann Abel-Smith who was seated at the adjoining table. This was a well organized dinner (except that for more than three hours it was impossible to get a waiter to bring a glass of iced water!) and a splendid sum was raised.

★ ★ ★

THE Women's Cricket Association recently gave a luncheon at Hurlingham Club in honour of the New Zealand women cricketers, the first from that country, who are to tour here this summer. The captain is Miss Rona McKenzie from Auckland who captained their team for three seasons. She is a hard hitting batswoman and has scored eighteen centuries. The vice-captain is Mrs. Lamason from Wellington, who is married to former New Zealand cricketer Jack Lamason. She is not only a determined batswoman but also an off-spin bowler. Baby of the team is seventeen-year-old Margot Mitchell from Auckland who first became enthusiastic about cricket when she watched the England v. New Zealand Test Match at Auckland in 1949 when she was twelve.

The visitors have a full schedule of fixtures until the beginning of August. These include three matches versus an England XI, the first to take place at Headingley on June 14 and 15, the second on the Worcester cricket ground on July 3, 5 and 6, and the final game at the Oval on July 24, 26 and 27. Other matches include one against a West Country XI at Torquay on June 25 and 26, and at Folkestone against Eastern Counties on July 16 and 17.

Pictures of the luncheon will be found on page 523.

★ ★ ★

MR. IAN HUNTER presided at the inauguration of Holt's International Celebrity Luncheons, held in the Royal Festival Hall restaurant. At the end of lunch Mr. Hunter said they hoped to make these luncheons a feature of the London musical world, and went on to speak about the series of International Celebrity concerts and recitals to be given at the Festival Hall and Albert Hall throughout the winter. Such good artists as Claudio Arrau, Irmgard Seefried, Solomon, Yehudi Menuhin, Gioconda de Vito and Zino Francescatti will be appearing, and tickets for the whole series will be on sale from July 17.

The two principal guests at the luncheon were Yehudi Menuhin and Sir Malcolm Sargent, who made speeches. The latter was as always very amusing, also very emphatic in his opinion of the tone of some of the stops of the Festival Hall organ. Incidentally, both guests of honour came to the luncheon and stayed to speak in spite of the fact that they each had an important engagement that evening, Mr. Menuhin to play Bach sonatas at St. Paul's in aid of the rebuilding fund, a musical fixture attended by the Queen Mother, and Sir Malcolm to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra at a concert in aid of charity.



Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd-George, wife of the Minister of Food, laughing with Sir Harold Bowden over a glass of sherry



Major the Rt. Hon. Gwilym Lloyd-George, M.P., with Sir Reginald Leeper and Lady Prudence Loudon



Eric Coop

MISS MARION BEVAN, one of the outstanding débutantes of 1954, is the daughter of Col. J. H. Bevan, C.B., M.C., and Lady Barbara Bevan, and niece of the Earl of Lucan and of Countess Alexander of Tunis. She has recently returned from finishing school in Paris and is dividing her time between London and her home, Guillard's Oak, Midhurst, Sussex. Her elder sister Jennifer, now Mrs. John Lowther, is an Extra Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. Princess Margaret



Eric Coop

VISCOUNTESS BOYLE has gained nation-wide celebrity through her appearances on television, a medium perfectly suited to express her charm and zestful personality. A multitude of admirers eagerly follow her performance every week on the panel of "The Name's The Same," and every month as commère of "Quite Contrary." She was formerly Donna Catherine, daughter of the Marquis Demetrio Imperiali de Francavilla, and of Mme. F. G. Scelsi. Her father's family traces its origin back to fifteenth-century Savoy

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Hamilton Walter

VALERIE WHITE, the actress, who was born at Simon's Town, South Africa, and educated at Twickenham, is the author of an unusually good first thriller entitled *Case* (Arthur Barker ; 9s. 6d.). Her latest appearance in the theatre was as the progressive educationist, Miss Muir, in *The Orchard Walls* at the St. Martin's, a performance which drew widespread praise. Drawing and painting—reminiscent of an early stage in her career when she was a commercial artist—is her chief recreation

London Limelight



Dealers in dusky enchantments, Peter Brook and Christopher Fry

More For The Skylark

CHRISTOPHER FRY, now at work on *The Skylark* (*L'Alouette*) in his Welsh fastness, is probably the ideal adaptor for Anouilh, whose delicate nuances are apt to elude lesser poets. *Ring Round the Moon* showed this, even above all its other qualities, in the matter of acting, setting and production.

The new work, which is now running in Paris with Suzanne Flon in the leading role, will be produced over here by Peter Brook, as was the previous play. If Messrs. Tennent can persuade Oliver Messel to paint for them, the quartet should create again that curious hinterland of enchantment which is so rare a delight to-day. Twilight, in which these experts are now the leading dealers, has always been a popular stage commodity, but the duration of any particular brand is as ephemeral as its name suggests. Would *The Blue Bird* or *The Immortal Hour* revive to-day? Or, come to that, the works of Stephen Phillips?

THE CAMBRIDGE FOOTLIGHTS are literally going to town with their new revue, *Out of the Blue*, which is to open on its home ground on June 7th. After this they play an away date at the Playhouse, Oxford, and on June 29th they hope to reach the Embassy, Swiss Cottage.

The format of the show is that of a newspaper, a sound if not wholly original idea, as those who saw *Stop Press* (nearly twenty years ago, I am horrified to say) will recall. Among the cast at the Adelphi were Robert Helpmann, Dorothy Dickson and Bruce Seton. Most of Fleet Street was gently satirised and *The Tatler* itself did not escape unscathed.

DAN SUTHERLAND, who recently adapted *The Woman in White*, explains his change of title to *The Lovers* by pointing out the difficulties of staging the original story with any accuracy. The Collins plot calls for a burning church, a chase across country and a stabbing in a Parisian street. Impossible, as he says, within the confines of the single set which the modern dramatist exceeds at his peril.

These trifles would not have troubled the great Victorian impresario, Dion Boucicault, to whom conflagrations, train smashes, drownings at sea and duels on ice-blocks were stock-in-trade. Willson Disher, in his new work, *Melodrama: Plots That Thrilled* (Rockliff ; 25s.), rightly devotes a deal of fascinating space to this character, who was the forerunner of every ice-spectacle promoter now in business. Mr. Disher throws a wide net—from Beecher Stowe to Kafka—and even so hundreds of gleaming minnows escape. But the tritons who remain make splendid reading.

—Youngman Carter



SIR ROBERT SUTTON, BT., lives at Fifehead Magdalen Manor, near Gillingham, Dorset, one of the most charming mid-Georgian houses in the county. Farming his 300 acres there is his chief occupation, and he also hunts a good deal. He is seen at the entrance porch with Lady Sutton and his sons, Richard, who is studying at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, and James, who is at Stowe

Talk Around the Town

QUEEN MARY was always most generous in the loan of treasures to museums, even lending the gowns she had worn on great occasions. Yet there is something a little poignant in the idea of her celebrated toques being on display in South Kensington so soon after her death.

That it often seemed to be the same toque in pictures is the fault of black-and-white photography. Before the war a German printer reproduced twenty heads of Queen Mary, and this very impression was naturally conveyed.

She had, in fact, scores of toques, and of a dazzling variety.

Why was the Victoria and Albert chosen for the Marlborough House display? If neighbouring Lancaster House is at last to be used for some good public purpose—again, why as an overflow for the Tate?—the first step could surely have been made with the treasures gathered originally 200 yards away in Queen Mary's own house.

The London Museum's rightful home was already a beneficiary from Queen Mary's wardrobe before the war. These Royal costumes should not be buried away in the basement of Kensington Palace, but restored to the Mall.

★ ★ ★

CLOWNS are not alone in yearning to play *Hamlet*. Most artists nurse a suppressed longing.

To painters is given—perhaps more than to most—the ability to achieve alternative outlets for their artistic energies.

The late Mr. George Belcher was the man who put the London charlady on a pedestal; such was his reputation. He was the first humorous artist to be made a Royal Academician for 177 years. Even Phil May was turned down, although proposed by (of all people) Lord Leighton, who was then President.

Yet those who knew George Belcher in his house near Chiddingfold found the work



The beautiful wrought-iron gates are one of the features of the Manor House. Through the tracery of this can be seen a towering cedar of great age

of an artist far removed from the wheelchairs, grim pavements and whimsical squalor of Cockneydom.

He would have made another reputation for his flower studies and still-lives; but particularly his flowers. This week there is an exhibition of this work, as well as the more familiar drawings so well known for so many years to readers of The TATLER, being held at Cranleigh Hall, Cranleigh, about eight miles from Guildford.

PICCADILLY at about this time of the year usually saw much of George Belcher's elegant Regency figure. It could do with more like him, and fewer raincoats. His high stocks, his side-whiskers, his coloured waistcoats, his squire's hacking-jackets (coloured handkerchief peeping out from behind) and his air of having come straight from the stables.

It was to a stables not so far from Piccadilly that I actually went with Belcher once.

In 1936 his portrait of a corpulent gent teaching himself the cornet—with the title "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls"—was hanging in the Academy. George felt that the original should attend the Private View. So we went along to bring him to Burlington House.

He had been a driver of a baker's van until, alas, he grew too plump for the job. He lived in the mews over the horses.

Some people used to say that all Belcher's characters were the same. Not at all; there was a horde of them, a rackets crew of old haridans.

★ ★ ★

FOLLOWING complaints, paintings hung at ——— will be vetted by experts in the future.

If the work is considered unacceptable, the exhibitor will be told to take it down and make room for another artist.

The new rule is designed to keep out bogus or frivolous artists who look upon the exhibition merely as a market for sales and not as a reputable art show."

This declaration of closed-shop policy was not made by Sir Joshua Reynolds after the first exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1768.

The "frivolous" artists are being warned by the organisers of the Hampstead open-air show—in this month of 1954.

SUMMER COURSE

When now upon our island shore
The teeming ships disgorge their store
Of most intrepid tourists, we
Our voyage of rediscovery
Begin, as England far and wide
Is newly probed and scarified
Until we're taught to understand
What makes us love our native land.

—Jeani Stanger

A NEW sort of travel bureau is at work in the United States and I suppose that it will not be long before somebody will imitate it here.

It is a "Retirement Bureau," and it deals in "Bargains in Paradises."

Letters like this allegedly authentic one are received: "I have a highly-strung and nervous type of constitution. I also suffer from pleurisy. I would like to retire to a medium-sized city with plenty of cultural opportunity."

That sounds like Cheltenham to me. Or Harrogate. Possibly the air of Hove would be too strong for pleurisy? In former days one could scarcely avoid recommending Mentone, which was full of retired colonels and culture, but now, with France's "paid holidays," it is rather too like Margate.

ANY London offices of this sort of bureau would surely have to be situated either in Cockspur or Lower Regent Streets, adjoining thoroughfares which are as disturbing to a satisfied state of mind as any two I know.

I seldom manage to pass along their pavements without stopping at least once to look at a window display, either an invitation to visit Bali on a Dutch vessel (cheese and steaks for breakfast) or float on champagne to New York in a French liner.

The P. & O. has travelled far since the days when it adopted an aloof attitude to its largely Service passengers. Now it has a continuously changing series of attractive dioramas. Not far away is a model of the Gothic when it was a simple passenger vessel, and there is one of the Queen Elizabeth which must be the world's biggest toy boat.

What fun the dear old gentlemen would

have with such models on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens! But probably they don't float, although the lifeboats have oars.

★ ★ ★

LONDON still abounds in little districts devoted to one trade which survives after the original reason for the trade had vanished.

The apparent surfeit of artist's colourmen and frame-makers between Drury Lane and Charlotte Street, to take one example, dates from the days when fashionable painters had their studios in the district. It is fortunate that there are such groupings dotted about the sprawling mass of London. Or else someone in search of a particular commodity might find himself travelling miles around for days on end.

There is always just at least one shop somewhere.

Savile Row and Hatton Garden are cases of casual groupings of merchants which have become by-words; so has the Charing Cross Road for books.

A friend of mine in search of a particular shape of black pullover found difficulty. Until he was directed to a shop which had two specialities: mantillas, and black pull-overs for clergymen. His fellow-customer was a bishop.

★ ★ ★

WHEN the recent cold spell swept over us there was the usual cry that nothing quite like this had ever happened before, etc., etc. "English summers are a thing of the past."

I so happened to be reading Sir Winston's account of May and June weather just exactly ten years ago—on the eve of D-Day. (Is it really a whole decade?)

"The weather now began to cause anxiety," he recorded as May's last days came. And: "Is may was called to the 'phone and told that the weather was getting worse."

June came, and Eisenhower heard an "ominous report, strong south-westerly wind, rain, sky overcast, cloud ceiling low."

And yet my own memory of those tremendous days is of sunshine! And blue skies.

—Gordon Beckles



"I'll creep up on him unawares . . ."



Cunning Stratagem Devised
By a Dog in Dorsetshire

James Sutton is the chosen romping companion of Leo, the handsome and intelligent Alsatian, and they are seen here in a characteristic encounter



Swache

"I think I won that round"

BALL THAT CAUGHT SUMMER'S BLOOM

IN a ballroom overlooking the verges of Hyde Park, guests at the Girls' Training Corps Ball were surrounded by the bloom and promise of early summer, an aura of freshness which helped to ensure the complete success of the evening. Jennifer writes of this happy and memorable occasion on page 507



By a vase over-brimming with flowers, Mrs. C. Smith-Ryland, chairman of the ball committee, was going over some details with Mr. C. Gordon-Spencer, the hon. treasurer. This excellent ball was held at the Hyde Park Hotel.



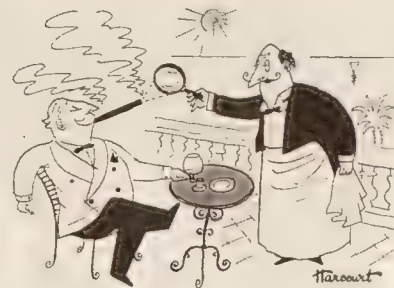
Two of the young guests, Miss Jillian Summers and Mr. Nigel Leigh-Pemberton, asked for their favourite tune.



Seated at the top table were Mrs. C. Gordon-Spencer, director of the G.T.C., the guest of honour Lady Maxwell Fyfe, wife of the Home Secretary, and Canon FitzGerald, from Somerset.



Miss K. Curlett, O.B.E., chairman of the G.T.C., was watching the cabaret with Sir James Crombie.



DINING OUT

An Ideal Dish For June

ASPARAGUS is one of the items on the summer menu that no restaurant should really be able to go wrong on.

Moreover, it is something about which the diner can state his tastes with a reasonable feeling that he will get what he orders.

Fresh English asparagus may be small, but it has wonderful flavour. What to have with it to enhance the flavour? Melted butter is simplest, but unexciting; what about asking for a Hollandaise, or a Bearnaise? Now that full cream is available a wonderful mayonnaise can be produced by whipping cream into the ordinary sauce. A little more elaborate is "à la Milanaise," which is done with Parmesan cheese. Or served with half a hard-boiled egg.

For these two menus (one including asparagus) I am indebted to the British Travel Association, which is using them as propaganda for potential American tourists. Are they typical?

THE FLYING HORSE (Nottingham).—The menu for dinner here is priced at 7s., which I am shocked to note is only 98 cents these days: Tomato juice or Du Barry Soup; Roast rib of beef and Yorkshire pudding or Fricassee of Chicken; Asparagus, garden peas and puree of spinach; Chocolate mousse, raspberry flip and cream; Chocolate ice-cream; Assorted cheeses. Quite nicely chosen; but why "Du Barry" soup?

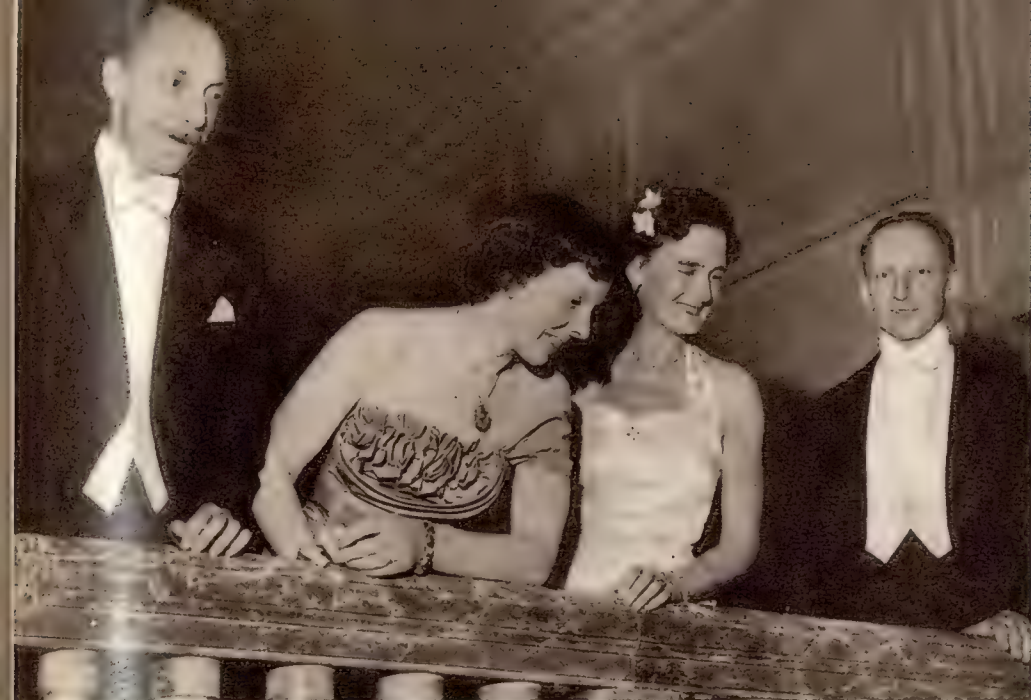
OLD SWAN (Harrogate).—This lunch is priced at 8s., and seems worth it. The menu: Hors d'œuvres or cantaloupe; Scotch salmon or roast sirloin of Scotch beef and Yorkshire; Cold roast goose, or Cumberland ham, or home-made Wensleydale pie, or roast lamb, ox-tongue, corned beef; Apricot tart and ice-cream, cherries, Victoria plums, baked egg custard; the cheese board. On the whole a more imaginative menu, with stress on "foods of the country."

JUST before she flew back to the United States I had a chat with Mrs. Jeanne Gilbert, the young blonde lady who came over here to report on English food for a body calling itself "The Diners Club of America."

Whether Mrs. Gilbert rates high as a gourmet I could not make out, but she is certainly a diplomat. She said vaguely that the English people obviously must like good food because they liked wines, which she thought a sure sign.

On the subject of our coffee she was masterly. She said that, speaking for herself, she likes tea. Someone present suggested that the secret of American coffee was the fact it was Brazilian. I doubt it; the secrets are lots of coffee, and lots of cream, freshness and the serving of it hot.

—I. Bickerstaff



On the marble balcony, very interested in the arrival of the later guests, were Mr. Bernhard Wilmsen, Mrs. Henry Wenger, Mrs. Bernhard Wilmsen and Mr. D'Arcy Hart



Mrs. Peter Dollar, wife of the polo player, was here being partnered by the Marquess of Northampton



Miss P. Bowden was making the round of the ballroom in a slow fox-trot with Earl Bathurst



Capt. P. P. Eckersley, pioneering first Chief Engineer of the B.B.C., bent down to lend emphasis to a story he was relating to Mr. Geoffrey Hunt, Miss Merea Griffith and Mrs. John Currie

Van Hallan



THE COMTESSE DE POURTALES is here seen in her charming apartment in the Rue Barbit de Jouy. She is a daughter of the late Duc de Talleyrand and his wife, the latter being formerly Miss Anna Gould, from the U.S. The Comte and Comtesse have three children

F. J. Goodman

Priscilla in Paris

Perfect Remedy For Headlines

WHILE the political big pots are calling the military kettles of other countries black, the Frenchman in the street is thinking somewhat bitterly that, in face of the tragedy we have recently witnessed, it matters very little "who dunnit" since done it was. A plane in time—whether it is begged, borrowed or stolen—may save nine, but if the plane in question is not forthcoming, all the unanswerable "ifs" and "why-didn'ts" can only add to the agony of those bowed women who, like sisters of the "widow in sleepy Chester," weep for their only son.

I am sick of the sight of a newspaper. Those massive headings, printed in what is

known to the French *typos* (compositors) at *caractères gras*, are nauseous.

During the past week, therefore, with ostrich-like courage, I have buried my head in the sand, closed my ears to the great catastrophes and useless talk of the universe, and selfishly, cold-bloodedly, got on with my "move."

IN other words, the sand was but the vulgar dust raised by the upheaval, the minor earthquake, the tragi-burlesque happenings that usually attend the moving of one's *lars et penates*, even when the move is just around the corner and is not only a "move" but also a felicitous "exchange."

Two pleasant, young people with three adorable brats, ranging from the age of four months to four years, a grey-haired

nou-nou and a masculine in-law were packed into four rooms. A pleasant (I trust) well-seasoned pen-pusher and her very pleasant but equally mature Hebe had elbow-space and to spare in eight rooms only a few hundred yards away.

The Not-Young met the Young at a party. It was a case of love at first sight and, with the help of two big furniture vans (making several trips), a small 6 h.p. and a smaller 2 h.p., proper equilibrium has been established on the mutual front.

LEAVING my young friends to the trials and tribulations that were once mine, I will recount those I am now wrestling with—that were once theirs! We are in our new homes, young and much-less-young alike, accustoming ourselves (with patience or with language, according to our different natures) to the electric light switch that only functions when handled in a certain manner; the patent lock that has to be gentled; the gas-stove that plops itself out so unexpectedly; the undiscoverable floorboard that mysteriously creaks at dead o' night.

If experienced housewives who read this wonder about the gas-stove, I may as well explain that we have exchanged certain domestic utensils as well as flats, and although one gas-stove may look like another gas-stove and have been made by the same manufacturer, it does not follow that they both perform in an identical manner. Not by long chalks they don't!

What is great fun in an exchange between friends is that it doesn't matter what one leaves behind. The 6 h.p. and the 2 h.p. seem to be working overtime picking up shabby but beloved odds and ends, the loss of which would have been quite irreparable and yet, somehow, had been overlooked in the earthquake.

ALTHOUGH my new home is but five minutes' walk from the old one, and though I can still set my clocks by the chimes of St. Germain des Prés, I seem to be in another part of the town. Strange that a few hundred yards can make such a difference! Last week as I stepped from the Sèvres Metro on my return from a theatre, the Boulevard Raspail was alive with cars. Muted dance music crept up between the paving-stones from the cellars of the Rue de Rennes and neon signs made their silent appeal to pleasure-seekers.

But now, at night, I turn away from the bright lights and immediately find myself enveloped with the dark solemnity of a provincial town. Cars wait at the kerb, but they are of a sedate and opulent type, and the asphalt is silent. Even the amorous felines of these moonlight nights hardly raise their tones above a gentle croon. The branches of stately trees droop over high walls; tall, wrought-iron gates bear strange insignia. This is the demesne of Government offices and Ministries. Police patrols pussy-foot all night. I shall be well guarded . . . the Soviet Embassy is next door. Sweet are the uses of adversity . . .

Enfin!

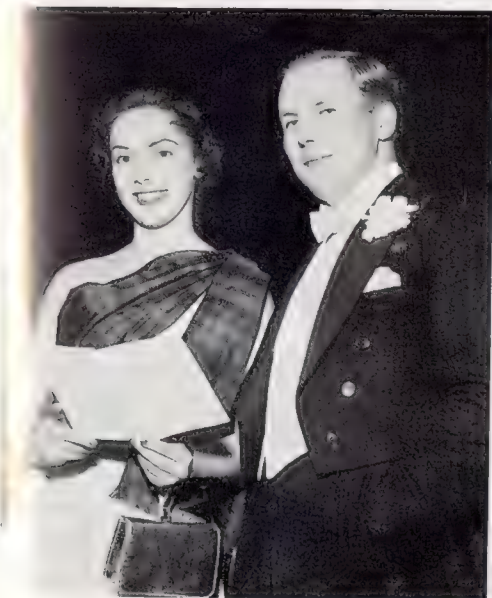
● JEAN-PAUL SARTRE: "I only believe in other people's luck!"



Checking their appointments for reels were Major David Butler, Mr. Angus Stirling, Lady Malvina Murray and Miss Cynthia Graham-Menzies

INVITATION TO THE REEL

ONE of the most impressive sights to be seen in a London ballroom is the procession of reel dancers at the Royal Caledonian Ball. This year the scene was unusually brilliant and the dancing spirited and graceful throughout
[Continued overleaf



Miss Sheila McRobbie was studying the programme in company with Mr. Tony Scott-Rodgers



Miss Jane Mackessack was enjoying a waltz with Lt. R. E. C. Adam of the Seaforth Highlanders



Involuted pattern of the reels is best appreciated from above, and Miss Lillias Wilson and Mr. Donald Fairclough were here walking up the staircase to secure a viewpoint on the balcony



The Countess of Mansfield and the Duke of Atholl leading the procession of débutantes and their officer escorts across the ballroom to give the Ball its impressive ceremonial start



Describing the complexities of the more lengthy reels to Miss Jennie Richardson were Mr. Ian Lilburn (left) and Mr. Peter Maxwell-Stuart

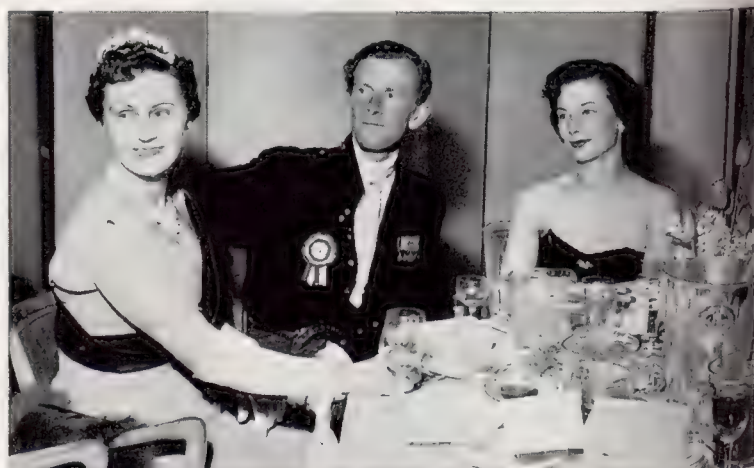


The Earl of Mansfield was giving a "running commentary" on the dancing to two U.S. visitors, Mr. and Mrs. John Snyder

Continuing—

HEART OF SCOTLAND BEAT IN MAYFAIR

FLASHING tartan and brilliant jewels showed that the Royal Caledonian Ball was in progress at Grosvenor House, a scene to raise the enthusiasm of Scots wherever they might be. The Queen is chief Patron of the event, and her safe homecoming lent added lightness to the feet of the dancers. Jennifer describes the Ball on pages 506-7



Watching from their table were Lady Campbell-Orde, wife of the organizer of the ball, Mr. Lyon Balfour-Paul and Miss Carola Marlowe



Lady Marjorie Stirling was chatting with Sir Simon Campbell-Orde while sitting out



Lord Howard de Walden's daughter, the Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis, was having an interim with Mr. Ian Graham



After participating in a reel Capt. John and Lady Gillian Anderson were taking refreshment



The romance and infectious rhythm of Scottish dancing were well exemplified by two experts, Capt. and Mrs. G. Pender, who were watched by members of the Highland Brigade



The evening's programme was being analysed with pleasure by Lt.-Cdr. F. J. D. Snowball, Mrs. Snowball, Capt. J. R. R. Edington and Miss L. Wimberley

Desmond O'Neill

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

INCREASING rudeness to doggies (only last week we heard a cad address a very decent Airedale as "you son of a b—ch") may be a subsidiary factor in the current brawl among the Canine Defence League boys, an Aberdeen in close touch suggests to us.

On this subject there are apparently two conflicting schools of thought; one holding that the least discourtesy to Rover is mental cruelty and gives him an inferiority complex, the other maintaining that a rude word shocks but braces true British doggies, enabling them to see Life steadily and see it whole. For those who preach total politeness the snag is, of course, that so many of the Race grow to resemble their pets—a psycho-physiological phenomenon familiar to Harley Street—that courtesy is frequently wasted on women who look like Pekes and chaps who, owing to their sad, noble faces, bloodshot eyes, and dewlaps, are almost indistinguishable from Newfoundlands or St. Bernards. Of these the typical tough dog-woman is the more embarrassing to Rover. As the Victorian poet observed at Cruft's:

*She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be,
I took her for a kangaroo
Until she barked at me. . . .
A Boxer in the cage behind
Seemed in great agony of mind.*

Chaps resembling St. Bernards (no little barrel round the neck, chicks, remember) do not embarrass their fourfooted buddies at all, except when they gambol in the snow, and rudeness merely deepens the suffering in their eyes. Hence one hardly knows what to think on the subject of deportment towards doggies generally, or at least one does.

Check

INSECT-LOVERS are asking why a harmless Fellow of the Royal Entomological Society who breeds and studies "certain insects known as pests" in his quiet northern home should have been threatened recently (*vide press*) with expulsion by the borough council.

It's due, we fear, to that hatred of scientific research which inspires the standard clauses you find in Mayfair flat-leases, forbidding tenants to keep goats or run a bagnio. Even in Paris (France) there are similar restrictions and a few more, judging by the printed lease of an expensive flat off the Champs-Élysées we once perused. In these apartments you couldn't install machinery, keep jaguars—a hit at Josephine Baker—let off firearms, or perform *exercices hygiéniques* on the balcony. Nor, if you happened to have Romany blood, could you roast hedgehogs in clay on the drawing-room parquet. (A prospective tenant we knew asked the landlord about this, and he immediately added the prohibition in purple ink.) But insect-breeding is a decorous and pleasing pastime enough. In fact an entomologist tells us the traditional cry of seaside landladies ("You must have brought them with you!") is usually a cry of delight.

Publishers' cocktail-parties raise a different question, lawyers say. Many of the disturbing sights you see there waving their antennae, emerge presumably from the wainscot, so in nine cases out of ten it's the landlord's responsibility.

Salty

"O, you sailors are the happiest, merriest fellows alive!" cried naughty Mrs. Frail in the Restoration play, and a recent press-photograph of two jolly tars ashore playing a game of pat-ball with two fair inhabitants of Devon would certainly confirm that mopsy's impression—shared by the citizenry at large—were she still in circulation.

What she'd chiefly miss, it occurs to us, would be the breezy smacks and clinches, the rum-throwing, and a jealous red eye on the quarter-deck offshore with a telescope clapped to it. If you recall the celebrated ballad of Black-Eyed Susan, beloved of Sweet William, a rating of Queen Anne's time, this last item was possibly a constant. When lovely Susan came aboard in the Downs, every hug was noted, one gathers:

*The noblest Captain in the British Fleet
Might envy William's Lip those Kisses sweet . . .*

So Sweet William was doubtless for it when the Fleet sailed. Plenty of overtime deck-swabbing, brass-polishing and bilge-fatigue, extra watches and yard-drill, a rope's-end every morning and a rump-and-dozen from the master-at-arms at eight bells probably paid for all those kisses. Tumble up there, Sweet William! Step lively, ye crockamore, or I'll be abaft ye with a Portsmouth fiddle!

Afterthought

SINCE the rest of the ship's complement of some 750 had apparently fallen for Susan also, Sweet William's daily agonies would be highly enjoyed. It must have been what the Navy calls a "happy" ship. Today, did Beauty equally devastate the Fleet, questions would be asked in the House, causing some 630 moping M.P.s to chalk "I love Black-Eyed Susan" all over the Lobby walls. A dainty thought. Let us, cullies and doxies, sheer, reluctantly, off.

Treat

PREGNANT with significance, our spies report, is the fact that the newly-opened public gallery of Manchester Stock Exchange is (as officials are boasting) not glassed-in like the London one. This means that visitors can hear everything going on below. Moreover the citizens can bring their women along. No so-called "good" stories will be going round Manchester Stock Exchange, where a higher ethical tone prevails than that of Capel Court.

This means (our spies add) a great deal in the lives of the mems of Manchester, who rarely quit purdah except when some improving entertainment is announced in the city, such as a Hallé concert, a public reading of Cobden's poems, or a meeting of the Excelsior Extended-Payment Mutual Friendly Burial Society. On such occasions you may glimpse veiled forms behind the women's grilles listening avidly and clapping with evident enjoyment. A visit to the Stock Exchange will be a dazzling new experience in the lives of these submissive disconsolate creatures.

We used to twit the late James ("Boss") Agate a great deal about the possible effect of Kemal Atatürk's reforms on the typical prosperous *ménage* of his native city—for example, the unveiling decree.

Agate's reply was that if the women of Manchester were ever unveiled their beauty would strike the observer paralytic, but we think he was shooting a line. A Turk we met not long ago told us Kemal's decree inflicted the most painful embarrassment on the Faithful since Lepanto.

Tiff

TWO close friends in Oklahoma—to quote verbatim from a daily paper—are in hospital after firing sixteen bullets into each other in a floodlit duel; a procedure roughly equivalent, one might say, to a cut-direct on the steps of White's, but with a difference. The Oklahoma incident has presumably left no ill-feeling.

The same applies to tiffs between friends below the Mason-Dixon Line, with perhaps one notable exception. Mark Twain's anecdote of the citizen in the Deep South who shot the colonel by mistake ("Ah'm sho'ly sorry I shot you, Cunnell, but Ah was not shooting at you, Cunnell, Ah was shooting at ma wife") doesn't give the woman's angle. As we see it, the lady was probably as quick on the draw as her husband, but the old rooty-toot-toot got entangled in her shawl, or in the voluminous bombazine gown women then wore, or in her side pocket. She could have pipped Wilbur a moment later in the sweetbreads with ease, but a wounded colonel lay between them. Traditional Southern courtesy forbade a domestic gun-duel over his bleeding torso, plentiful as Southern colonels are. She refrained, but we guess it hurt. We see her walking with bowed head, furious and humiliated, blind to the glorious moonlight over Mobile Bay, deaf to the whippoorwills, the katydids, and the darkies howling spirituals. Glory sakes! You-all done give Baby the sick.

One feels it may have affected her love for Wilbur henceforth. A typical Southern tragedy.

~~~~~ BRIGGS . . . . by Graham ~~~~~







Mrs. G. S. Coldham, the New Zealand manager, with Mr. C. B. Fry, Miss Rona McKenzie, the New Zealand captain, and Miss Molly Hyde, vice-chairman of the Women's Cricket Association and England captain

LADY CRICKETERS OF ENGLAND and New Zealand were present when The Women's Cricket Association gave a luncheon at the Hurlingham Club to welcome the New Zealand Women's Cricket Team, which is making a playing tour of this country



The Marchioness of Carisbrooke (centre) with Miss K. Batty, a New Zealand international, and Miss M. E. MacLagan, who plays for England



Mrs. I. Lamason (N.Z. vice-captain) and Miss J. Currie with Mr. S. Griffith and Miss N. Rheinberg, secretary of the Women's Cricket Association



"You . . . you . . . you worm !"

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

HE took his friend to see his new car. The friend was most impressed.

"How did you come to manage to buy that, Jim?" asked the friend.

"Oh, I didn't buy it," replied Jim.

"Blank Corn Flakes were giving them for box tops, and so I kept on buying cornflakes till I won it. It's a good car, too, with lots of speed. Lots of room to sleep in, too."

"Sleep in?"

"Yes, you see, the house is full of cornflakes."

FIRST thing the old farmer and his wife saw at the dog show was an exhibitor preparing her tiny Pomeranian for the ring. She shook some coat-aiding liquid over him, and then took a tin with a perforated lid and showered him with powder. After that she brushed him well, and sprayed him with still further aids to beauty.

"What's she going to do next?" whispered the wife.

"Well," said the farmer, "she's peppered it, she's salted it—I reckon she must be going to eat the little beggar!"

\* \* \*

A RETAILER went to his suppliers to find out why he had not received a cheque due to him for goods on which he had been overcharged.

"I'm sorry," the cashier told him, "but I can't give it to you now. The cheque is made out, but it hasn't been signed by the director. He's laid up with a broken leg."

"Well, tell him I hope it mends soon," the retailer returned, "since I assume he signs the cheques with that foot."

\* \* \*

SOME students acquire knowledge, others develop ingenuity and resourcefulness. Young Johnson was definitely in the latter class. One question in his examination paper read:

"What steps would you take in determining the height of a building, using an aneroid barometer?"

To which the young man blithely replied:

"I would lower the barometer by a string and measure the string."



## At The Pictures

# QUEEN'S OWN CONTINENT

• Dennis W. Clarke •

So much has been written, spoken, photographed and filmed already on the Queen's visit to Australia that you would think nothing new could be said on the subject. However, *The Queen in Australia* (Odeon, Leicester Square) does add something new.

Being made by Australians it succeeds in interpreting to us their own feelings.

These feelings are summed up at the beginning as the camera takes us among the quiet, expectant crowds on the Sydney waterfront. They are waiting, as the Australian commentator aptly says, for "the Queen they have never seen." The taste of the phrase lingers throughout the film. You realise that, while we in the United Kingdom grow up side by side with Royalty, the experience is brilliantly new to our distant cousins. The film conveys this quality.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh seem to partake of this sentiment, too, and there is a feeling of freshness about the round of State occasions and public appearances, absent from the maturer ceremonies of this country. The film is a satisfying record of a unique occasion, and, in addition, shows us much of the beautiful continent, its people and their activities.

THE life of Pope Pius X. is chronicled in quasi-documentary, but none the less quite dramatic form in *Secret Conclave* (Marble Arch Pavilion). The Vatican collaborated, and we are let in to see papal ceremony in the authentic surroundings.

An English actor, Henry Vidon, chosen for his likeness, plays Pius X. with the appropriate distinction. The film recounts with dignity and some humour his early days as peasant boy, parish priest, his rise to Cardinal, and then his quite unexpected elevation to the Papacy. It reaches its tragic climax in his attempt to stop the 1914 war and his consequent death of a broken heart. An unusual, but interesting film.

IF I were responsible for the education of young girls I would take them to *Knave of Hearts* (Ritz), despite its X certificate. It might not improve their minds, but it would improve their chances of escaping the clutches of unscrupulous males. Their lesson would be this witty story of an utter rogue who exploits feminine weaknesses to provide himself with the material comforts and pleasures at women's expense. His weapons are good looks and charm. His allies are feminine vanity and pity and the credulity they breed.

Gérard Philipe displays a stylish talent for comedy as the French adventurer in London. His victims embrace various aspects of British womanhood in the persons of Valerie Hobson, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Johnson and Natasha Parry. Even a Frenchwoman, Cernaine Montero, falls for him.

Acting, direction and editing are polished, and, sure enough, the director is a Frenchman, René Clément.



Valerie Hobson is a victim in "Knave of Hearts"



Mrs. Murless and her daughter Julie at the window of their beautiful home, which looks on to the wide expanse of the famous gallops



A sight to gladden the eyes of horse lovers anywhere, at any time: the Murless two-year-olds returning from exercise watched by a lad with a broom from one of the great entrances to the stables





*H.M. the Queen's Abergeldie and Annie Oakley, with Findon Fair and Golden Doll, at full gallop during morning exercise*

## LANDAU'S TRAINER AND HIS STABLES

**A**T Warren Place, on the edge of the galloping grounds above Newmarket, Mr. Noel Murless has his home and stables. He has seventy-five horses in training, including the Queen's Derby hope Landau, while owners of other horses with him include the Aga Khan, Lt.-Col. G. Loder and Sir Victor Sassoon



*Mr. Murless with one of his Irish lurchers in the lounge of Warren Place. The paintings over the mantel are of Songstress and Daniel O'Roarke, respectively Oaks and Derby winners in 1852. Both were trained in Yorkshire, where Mr. Murless started as an independent trainer in 1935*



## Television

ALL THE LAND  
A PALACE

• Freda Bruce Lockhart •



DOCUMENTARY is a dry word for such an inspiring sight as the Royal family television brought up the Thames in the Royal barge, then in the State landau all the way along the Mall into their home

—and ours. But once again the Queen helped as only she can to demonstrate that documentary or actuality, whichever you call it, the power to bring great events to the very chairside, is television's unique secret.

More such magic may be worked by next week's European Relay, with programmes from eight different countries. Anybody who saw the highlights of the former Anglo-French week will want to see some of our neighbour-nations' television. A slightly regrettable proportion of flower-and-folk festivities has, perhaps, been chosen: it is not ceremony alone which makes our Royal occasions such splendid television, but instancy—and, of course, Her Majesty's self. More promising is the prospect of glimpses of the treasures of the Vatican Library and art galleries, and it is still hoped that the Pope may be able to appear. Italy also offers the exciting "Palio" from lovely Siena; sad that the piazza cannot yet be its own soft pink.

CELEBRITIES of a certain eminence come under the same spell and become events rather than entertainers, personages rather than professional "personalities." In this class are the great pianist, Claudio Arrau, whom we see to-night, and Margot Fonteyn, next Wednesday. Markova's lovely recent performance—marred only by too brief an extract from the charming Spanish ballet—and Fonteyn's coming programme definitely takes television ballet out of the beginners' class. The programme is being produced by the imaginative Christian Simpson, who also made a most amusing show of Menotti's radio opera, *The Old Maid and the Thief*.

MENOTTI'S music in this work is as witty as ever, and perhaps more tuneful. But so many simple good tunes in one show have not been heard for a long time as Julian Slade's for the musical version of the *Comedy of Errors*.

Serials and series have scored one or two successes. *The Dancing Bear* is just what a Communist-period serial should be: inspiring regret for a missed instalment. Bob Monkhouse's *Fast and Loose* began well enough to make us hope that he is fit to come back for a second instalment next week. All six scriptwriters of the *Pat Kirkwood Show* will have to do very much better if Saturday's show is to be worthy of this very able comedienne.

Iain McCormick's ambitious cycle of four plays on post-war themes began altogether auspiciously with *The Liberators*.

This poignant picture of war's end in Italy is TV's first indubitably original drama, and raises great hopes of the second play.



Mrs. G. Langley Taylor, chairman of the Ball, was presented to H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, who was guest of honour, by the Ball President, the Dowager Viscountess Galway



Sir Frank Sanderson, the industrialist and former M.P., escorted his wife, Lady Sanderson, to the ballroom

## DANCERS REMEMBERED

## RURAL HERITAGE

PRIDE in the green countryside was the theme of the England Ball, held recently at Grosvenor House. It was organised by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, of which H.M. the Queen is Patron and the Duke of Norfolk President, and the large company present helped to save many acres from a future of spoliation



Among the younger guests who shared a table were Miss Betty Alston, Sub-Lt. D. R. D. Blakiston, R.N., Miss Janet Edwards and Sub-Lt. J. V. Sprague, R.N. About 350 were present on this enjoyable occasion





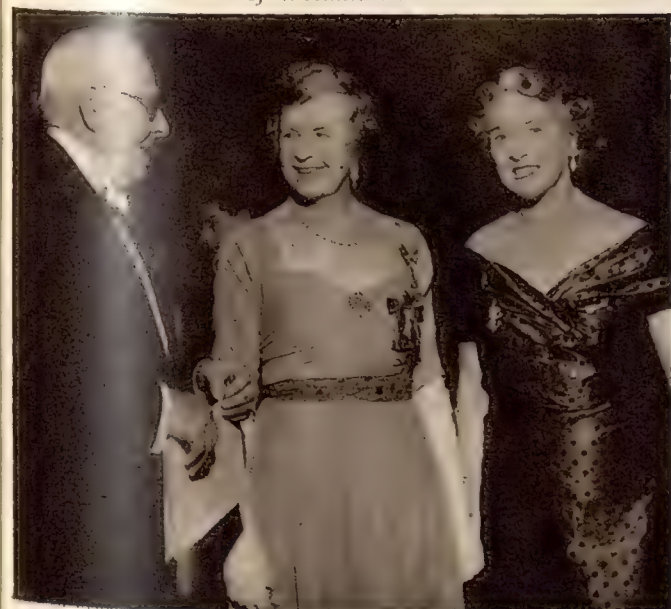
Mr. W. O. Bainton, Mrs. John Hollingworth, Mrs. Bainton and Mr. J. Hollingworth enjoyed an aperitif before dinner



Mr. W. G. Lilly, a member of the Executive Committee, and Mrs. Lilly had a talk with Mrs. and Mr. J. Charles in the bar



Mr. G. Langley Taylor was in conversation with the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster



Viscount and Viscountess Davidson discussed aspects of the evening's gaiety with Mrs. Alastair Urquhart



Members of the Junior Committee took their duties seriously: here Miss D. Bowring, Miss R. Frost, Miss E. Hobson (deputy chairman) and Miss J. Shingler discussed the sale of programmes

Gabor Denes





Clayton Evans

ALICE ACLAND has recently written a new novel, *Templeford Park*, published by Constable at 12s. 6d. She is also the author of a biography of Caroline Norton, the Victorian poetess and novelist. Miss Acland is the wife of Lt.-Col. F. E. B. Wignall, of the Life Guards, and a relative of Sir Richard Acland, Bt., M.P.

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# The Labyrinth Of Spain

V. S. PRITCHETT's affinity for Spain gives him a peculiar insight: *THE SPANISH TEMPER* (Chatto and Windus; 15s.) widens our understanding of what is, possibly, Europe's most baffling country. This is, the author says, the country which made the strongest impression upon him—he speaks, indeed, of Spain as “the old and necessary enemy of the West. . . . There,” he adds, “we learn history upside down and see life exposed to the skin. . . . We see the primitive hungers we live by and yet, by a curious feat of stoicism, fatalism, and lethargy, the passions of human nature are sceptically contained.”

MR. PRITCHETT's reading of Spain may startle those who have, in the last few years, spent not more than a sunny holiday there. The Spanish attitude to the tourist is, by all accounts, as courteous as it is cryptic. Spain is colourful: one need look no further.

Behind the assault on the senses, sound, smell and colour, there is, however, evidently a mystery—temperament. What are the Spanish people; and why are they what they are? Spain stands for something: the ancient hold she has upon our imaginations, the trouble that her outlook or her affairs are ever liable to create for us cannot fail to set up a sort of challenge. Mr. Pritchett's book penetrates a long way into the mystery. He knows the language; he knows the literature; he has followed the tracks which history leaves on life. He has more than travelled in Spain, he has lived, worked, made friends there—this last, from all accounts, must be a difficult thing to do, for the formality could be impassable.

Visually, in its evocations of cities and landscapes, *The Spanish Temper* is beautifully satisfying—the book could be read on that plane alone. Clearly not a guide-book in the touristic sense (the author in writing takes for granted that the usual travel-literature has been read), it is a guide-book psychologically. People are the subject; the Spanish concept of life and, accordingly, behaviour have been explored for us. Spain's apparent “backwardness,” it would appear, results from an impassioned tenacity to her own ideas.

They [the people] have always kept to their own ways, have always contained their own genre, and they withdraw, with a sort of disapproving or even positive scorn, from the contagion of other manners. In this they are resolute rather than complacent, homely rather than hostile—perhaps a little snobbish. In their preoccupation with what is “suitable,” they resemble the English.

DON QUIXOTE, the deluded Castilian knight, and Don Juan, the inexhaustible and ruthless Castilian lover, are, Mr. Pritchett reminds us, the two great mythical figures Spain has given to the world. Realism has been at no time the Spanish forte. Pride, the most widely-recognised attribute of the Spaniard, and cruelty, whether the bull-fight or the so late-surviving Inquisition, are discussed in their meanings to Spain to-day. It behoves the Englishman, passing judgment, to remember that although Spain often looks like a modern country, it is not. Extremes of poverty known to the working class, repressive influences from several quarters and the stunning effects of the Civil War, combine to prolong the standstill—yet behind all lies the ever-dominant factor, temperament.

At six in the evening the country buses collect their passengers for the drive back to the villages. A barrel organ strikes up to entertain the departing, and the departure is more like a family gathering than something on a schedule. The passengers, their lives and wishes, the events of arrival or departure, are more important than the bus, which itself is more like some dusty animal than a machine. . . . They live. They look at the bus with contempt.

With this and many other small speaking pictures, incidental, yet always somehow significant, does Mr. Pritchett make concrete *The Spanish Temper*. Never does he merely theorise: he perceives Spain. His pictures of the Mediterranean ports may be found particularly attractive. Of Almería, for instance, he says: “The town lies in its heat like a plum soaked in brandy.” This book, in which imagination infuses knowledge, is outstanding. To read it enriches one.

★ ★ ★

D. A. PONSONBY's latest novel, *Royal Purple* (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.), is set in the Court of George II. and shows, among other things, the somewhat dangerous glamour of Court life for young or, indeed, any unwise persons. This author's blend of liveliness and acumen, sympathy with and briskness towards her characters, seldom has been shown to better advantage. The transformation of the heroine, sixteen-year-old Sarah Pennington, from a rash, enchanting little flibbertigibbet into a no less enchanting creature of heart, courage and sense cannot fail to capture the reader's interest. Decidedly, Sarah learns the hard way—going to the orangery for an assignation with Frederick, Prince of Wales (whom decidedly she had no business with, for H.R.H. is married to Augusta, sad German schoolgirl left to play with her doll), she is kidnapped, and soon is to find herself immured in a private lunatic asylum.

In that century, young females did disappear—either bound for the fate which is worse than death, or liquidated (if heiresses) by cold-blooded relatives. The Bell House chapters are as macabre as one could wish; it says much for Sarah that she retains sanity. Mrs. Unicorn, keeper of the establishment, is, however, but a degree more evil than Sarah's enemy at Court, Lady Archibald Hamilton, who, though mother of eight, will brook no rival in the Prince's affections.

SARAH, in her early bent to careerism, is influenced by her mother-by-adoption, Mrs. Culeaze—a well-behaved, charming but over-worldly widow. Mrs. Culeaze, having obtained for her a post as Maid of Honour to the Queen, expects the girl to make good—she has in view, of course, not Royal philandering but an aristocratic and wealthy marriage. Young Felix Belleville, Sarah's innocent suitor, unhappily does not fill the bill; Mrs. Culeaze, for reasons shown, has an uneasy conscience with regard to Felix, and therefore (which is excellent psychology) dislikes him. And both as courtier and lover, the reader has to admit, Felix is more than a little eclipsed by the fascinating villain, Dominic Jestyn.

Other girls in the story are poor Beth Vane, who becomes Jestyn's prey, and the otherwise unfortunate Mary Wishey, a fellow-inmate of Sarah's at Bell House, whose bee-fixation has such an awful outcome. Nor in the junior group should one overlook the touching little Princess of Wales, who lends herself in such a heroic way to the plan to get status for her first child's birth. (George II.'s and his consort's animosity towards their eldest son was, you may recall, the theme of another novel, *Fanshawe for a Witch*, reviewed in these pages a few weeks ago: Miss Ponsonby has treated the same subject from another angle, certainly no less ably.) Youth, on the whole, comes well out of *Royal Purple*—a story which you are bound, I think, to enjoy.

(Continued on page 546)







*Eric Coop*

**BIRTH OF A SMILE** is charmingly demonstrated by six-months-old Alessandro, the son of Count Nicolis di Robilant and the Countess di Robilant. They live in the Mocenigo Palace, in Venice, once the residence of Lord Byron, and the Count numbers among his ancestors a long line of Doges. Alessandro's beautiful christening robe was made for Pedro II. of Brazil, who was a forbear of the Countess



## SHOPPING

PICNIC PARTY  
POINTERS

**N**OW we look forward to sunny days. Days for going out into the country, walking and picnicking, or just staying at home and lazing in the garden. Each season brings new novelties to add to our out-of-door pleasure. Here are some which we hope you will find useful

—JEAN CLELAND



A new kind of poplin skirt, with a detachable apron. Button it on when you go out to see how your garden grows, and take it off when you come in. Price 59s. 11d. From Marshall and Snelgrove



Take a seat. You can fold it up, and carry it in the little pigskin case that slings over the shoulder. From Marshall & Snelgrove. It is strong and light, and costs £4 8s. 6d.



A china picnic set that fits like a Chinese puzzle into a small, neat case. Quite easy when you know how to do it, and very convenient to pop into the car. Fortnum and Mason have it at the reasonable price of 4 guineas



Forgotten the milk? Of course not, if you carry it in the new Vacco flask, with its separate container for the milk bottle, which fits neatly into the base. The flask has a polythene stopper instead of a cork, and sells at 7s. 6d. Selfridges have it





Dennis Smith

**LAZING IN THE GARDEN** on a summer's afternoon is a pleasant pastime. Here the lady wears a washing cotton, button-through frock (£2 3s. 6d.), and her jewellery is a high style white knotted necklace (12s. 6d.), clip-on bracelet (12s. 11d.) and large white clip-on earrings (3s. 6d. pair). The fruit stand is £1 5s. 6d. (all from Derry & Toms in whose roof-garden the picture was taken). From Barkers comes the spring suspension garden lounge with adjustable back and three independent leg rests (£53 17s. 6d.), and tables, round at £5 and oblong three-tier at £4. Derry & Toms, again, supply the Wedgwood Ivory glazed beer mugs, half-pint 6s. 3d., one pint 8s. 4d. and 3½ pint jug at £1 1s. 3d.









A wine-coloured leather bag that costs 4 gns, and a matching silk chiffon square for 32s. 6d. are shown here with a pair of fine white fabric gloves, priced at 15s. 6d.

## Cool and Simple

OUR FASHION CHOICE OF THE WEEK is the elegant black and white spotted piqué two-piece from Debenham & Freebody shown in colour on the left. Very cool and simple, it makes an outfit equally adapted to both town and country wear. Another great charm is the fact that it only costs 9½ gns. All the accessories on this page, including the 25s. 9d. wine red carnation oppo, come from Debenham & Freebody.

—MARIEL DEANS



A close-up of the wine-red model hat shown on the opposite page. Made of Leghorn straw with a fold of net round the crown, it costs 15 gns. The Dior-inspired beads, eight rows, cost 25s.



The dress shown without its loose jacket. Notice the double-breasted fastening of the bodice, the scooped-out neckline and the narrow black belt that clips in the waist. The little black and white hat with the white spotted veil costs 69s. 6d.





A very lovely short dance frock of turquoise blue slipper satin embroidered with sequins and rhinestones. Wide straight pockets are set in the skirt an inch or so below the waistline. It comes from Marshall & Snelgrove's Model Dress Department



# One Night in June

FOR quite a time the short evening dress received scant encouragement on this side of the Channel, then suddenly it "arrived" and short dresses went absolutely everywhere. The excitement induced by this burst of originality is now over. People realize that there are occasions for long as well as for short dresses, honours are more or less even, and we show you on these pages two examples from each camp—all of them making lovely and romantic pictures photographed against the classic beauty of Kenwood House

—MARIEL DEANS



Jenner's glamorous full-length evening dress, made of white lace mounted on a crinoline foundation of navy blue chiffon and taffeta, is a strong argument for the really romantic long evening dress







# ... Night in June

(On the opposite page) A short, mid-calf length dinner-dress by Margaret Barry of Bond St. Made of dark blue, needle-run lace worn over a taffeta slip, the dress has a wide taffeta cummerbund sash. Two large pink roses are worn at the corner of the low, square neck

(Below) Robinson and Cleavers' dramatic silvery grey and pink rayon brocade dance dress has a cleverly cut, very full skirt. A huge bow of ice pink satin is slotted through the bodice





# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

**A**M increasingly perturbed by obsession with garden, which, since departure from metropolitan seclusion, is rapidly becoming focal point of existence. Before acquiring this demanding plot of earth, I was a normal human being, content with normal urban pleasures—glad indeed of a salad or a strawberry or a bunch of roses, but taking these as they came and calmly.

Since advent of garden I am possessed. Once I pictured gardening as a calming, soothing occupation bringing out the creative best in human nature. It has taken me only a year to discover that it is in fact an hysterical chase after unattainable perfection—and that in my hysteria I squander money, ruin my nails, get rheumatism in my knees and encourage in myself envy, odorous comparisons, vanity and greed, based on a solid background of cruel wishes towards children and all other dumb animals.

**E**ARLY summer, in particular, brings out this side of me. There was a time when, apart from their aptitude for sudden noise and movement, I liked dogs—the friend of man, the faithful and admiring companion. Now, dogs are simply large-footed creatures which gallop over seed beds and bury bones



in borders. I was once devoted to the severe superiority of cats—now, they are animals which dig holes in rock gardens and make cradles out of strawberry netting.

My own children beg constantly for little plots of ground to ornament with Virginia stock and Brussels sprouts, they will not be put off with bits where nothing will grow anyway except ground elder and blackberries, and when I am browbeaten into allotting them stretches of arable land which could hold a few more tomatoes or even strawberries, I am irritated to desperation by their imaginative treatment, which includes rockeries one week and ornamental paddling pools the next.

**M**OTHERS unobsessed by gardening mania can no doubt take this in their stride with pride and joy, as, in my flat days, I took pots of nasturtiums and cacti. But now the small stretches of child-made desolation dotting the flower-beds fill me with frustration. This is good earth—it should be intensively cultivated, particularly at this time of the year

*[Continued on opposite page]*



## SUMMER IN THE CITY

**H**OT summer sunshine fills most city-dwellers with a strong sense of ill-usage (writes Mariel Deans). Yet summer in the city has its own charms and a distinctive mode of dressing—as seen in these two outfits, which also stress the latest fashion trends





John Cole

(On the opposite page) Henri Gowns make this natural coloured silk shantung two-piece—this year's version of what used to be called a jumper-suit. It is beautifully worked with pin-tucking in a chevron design over the front of the bodice. It is stocked by Marshall & Snelgrove. The little rose-patterned grosgrain hat is by Renée Pavy

(Above) Brenner Sports' starkly simple, extremely sophisticated chemise-dress has a wide, boat-shaped neckline, is double-breasted and trimmed with an edging of white braid. It is stocked by Rocha of Grafton St. With it is Renée Pavy's pale straw hat

## CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .

when every other bed burgeons and I realize that I have put every plant far too close to its neighbour, so that they badger one another for living space like growing fledglings. It is almost impossible for me to tolerate the children's gardens—and as for their friends, they and their families are judged entirely by whether or not they were brought up not to walk over flowerbeds.

**B**UT chief among my hates are birds. I once loved swallows bouncing on telegraph wires in September—I once listened ecstatically to the blackbird's evening warble—I once even crawled painfully into a hide to watch a bittern with field glasses. Now, so far as I am concerned, you can have them. Sparrows wriggle painstakingly under my carefully placed tangles of black cotton to nibble the buds off my polyanthus. Finches swing on my raspberry canes feasting on embryo fruit. Blackbirds stalk commando-like about the strawberry bed and slide under the netting with the slick efficiency of saboteurs.

Other feathered friends, having spent happy afternoons earlier in the spring devouring plum blossoms as if they were crystallized rose



leaves, are now busy finishing up, with the predatory enthusiasm of cyclists picking bluebells, any small green fruit which got away the first time—and, when they tire of this, pick holes in my lettuce seedlings.

**H**OWEVER much I festoon trees and beds with hideous rows of aluminium—however much I drape nets and scarecrows, the birds outwit them—avoid them—or, final insult, ignore them altogether. Furthermore, the children, eager after nature study, hang strings of peanuts and coconut shells and bacon rinds on branches—scatter the garden with bird baths and dishes of water, so that the marauders are entitled to visit here and, under cover of legitimate pastimes, spy for fresh raids, using our generosity as a springboard for invasion.

As for slugs and snails and greenfly, words fail. The only living creatures, apart from a few other gardeners, that I love, are bees. And even they have let me down, wasting valuable hours and pollen frolicking with a self-fertile Morello cherry, while the sweet ones, in whose peculiar sex-life they could have played so valuable a part, still droop unattended and barren.

No, the gardening urge is bad for human nature—redder in tooth and claw than I had ever feared. Next year, to preserve sanity, I shall probably have to turn the whole thing into a hard tennis court. In the meantime, there is a blackbird under the strawberry netting. . . .

—Diana Gillon



## BEAUTY

MORE THAN  
SKIN DEEP

How to keep a youthful appearance is something we would all like to know. I discussed it with two shining examples this week, and of one thing I am certain; that while creams, lotions and make-up are of great assistance if used properly, the secret springs from within.

First of all I talked to Dorothy Ward—star of music hall and pantomime, and princeliest of all Principal Boys—who had some very definite views on the subject. "Dissatisfaction destroys beauty," she said.

We were having tea in her lovely spacious flat, filled with flowers that had been brought to her husband, Shaun Glenville, at his birthday party at which I had been present a few days before. What a party, with Shaun cutting the birthday cake that had been given to him by Mario of the Caprice, Cicely Courtneidge radiating gaiety, friendship and goodwill, and Dorothy looking younger than ever, as though (I told her) she had gone into reverse. As we sat talking over the party, she said, "I think they enjoyed it; I know I did enormously." It was then that I sensed the secret of her youthfulness. A warmth, a giving out, and a wonderful zest for life.

\* \* \*

"DON'T you ever get depressed?" I asked her. "Well," she said, "I've had plenty of ups and downs, like everyone else, but when things are black and miserable, I never admit it, not even to myself. I always think that something grand is going to happen just round the corner, and that tomorrow will be a lovely day. If you look at the people who grumble and criticize and find fault, you will see it all reflected in their faces. It hardens their eyes and pulls their mouths down."

A firm conviction held by Dorothy Ward is that to look young you must *look happy*, and that this must come from within. Her recipe for youth is to have "a light heart and keep the corners of the mouth turned UP." Favourite advice, incidentally, of my mother who, at eighty-six, is still as gay and lively as a cricket.

Dorothy's beauty hints are founded on health. Her great hobby is swimming. She loves walking,



ZENA HOWARD stars with Robert Morley in the comedy *Hippo Dancing* at the Lyric Theatre. Her recipe for usefulness—face life courageously and do not become disappointed when opportunity seems to elude you. A sense of humour, too, is a sharp weapon against frustration

and goes for an hour's brisk walk every day, unless it's too cold or too wet. After that, if she has time and can manage it, she has a short rest. "There's nothing like lying flat on your back in a dark room for refreshing your looks before going out in the evening," she said. She enjoys her food, and while she believes in eating starchy things with moderation, she is against dieting to the extent of getting what she calls a "starved look."

As I left, she was about to pack up all her loose covers and curtains for cleaning while she is away on a holiday in Italy with her husband. "A bit of a job," I suggested, glancing round. Dorothy laughed, "Oh! I don't mind. It'll be fun seeing them all clean and fresh again when we come back." She turns everything into fun, and it is this that shows in her face.

\* \* \*

SOMEONE else with a young and vivacious charm is Zena Howard, who is making such a success as "Hippo's" wife in that hilariously funny play *Hippo Dancing*.

For years she has been in the background, playing in repertory, and understudying other people; every bit as good, no doubt, as she is now, with never a chance to show what she could really do. Very easily she might have become disgruntled and discouraged, but if she did, there is no sign of it. The corners of her mouth turn up, her face is full of laughter, and her eyes dance with enjoyment.

Indeed her vivacity is such that, talking to her in her dressing-room, I asked her if she were French, which seemed extremely likely, since she talks throughout the play with a very convincing French accent. "No," she said, "I am completely English. The accent was acquired partly during

the years I was acting with the English Players at the Albert Première Theatre in France, and partly no doubt, from understudying Yvonne Arnaud.

\* \* \*

"THE greatest pieces of good luck I have had on the stage," Zena Howard went on, "seem to have come to me rather sadly, through someone else's misfortune. Years ago in Paris, where my mother took me to complete my education—I was brought up in South Africa—I called at the Albert Première Theatre, and asked if there was a part for me. They said not at the moment, but I could leave my name. A week later two members of their company had measles and I was sent for and asked whether I had ever played Ariel and Puck? Promptly I said, 'Yes' and they took me on. Actually the answer should have been No, but no one was any the wiser."

"Now, with so many years between, the second piece of good fortune has come in a similar fashion. The actress who was to have played opposite Robert Morley sprained her ankle during rehearsal. I was understudying her, and when she went out, I stepped in."

"I've been waiting for this opportunity since 1931. A long time, but I just wouldn't accept defeat, and my word, it's been worth it." She paused and picked up a book, with a humorous twinkle in her eye. "This," she said, "was given to me on the first night. I hope it was not done with 'malice aforethought.'" The book was Noël Coward's *Future Indefinite*. This gave me the clue to her secret. Tenacious courage, combined with a lively sense of humour.

—Jean Cleland



Dorothy Ward, most admired of all Principal Boys, believes in smiling at tomorrow

Vivienne



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useful, enduring, elegant. What more could you, or any young couple ask? Not expensive either. The silver plated model illustrated on the right costs 4 guineas. A less expensive Ronson Wedgwood, in a different shape, finished in chromium plate, is available at 3 guineas.

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THE MORRIS OXFORD SERIES II, which has created great interest in the motoring world recently, has a full six-seater body of new design, and increased luggage room. Its lively 1½-litre engine has overhead valves. This picture shows the attractive lines and finish

otoring

Oliver Stewart

## Tailor-Made For The Course



Absence of fuss in the control department is marked in the Morris Oxford Series II

SILVERSTONE gave hints of a fresh competition in capacities. We had the immense Ferrari — approaching five litres—in the sports car event, and in the Grand Prix events we had a kind of unofficial sub-class for the two-litre cars. Other things being equal one would suppose that, by pushing up the engine

capacity, the car would go faster. In the old Bentley days we saw this tendency clearly defined. But since then the theory of optimum engine size has gained support.

In this the idea is that for a given course there is a given weight and size of motorcar which will go round quickest and that if engine and car are smaller than this or if they are larger they will be at a disadvantage. I must say Le Mans has tended to confirm this view. Time and again it has been shown that piling on capacity will not help to win. Car and engine must be tailored to the course.

AT Silverstone many people hoped to see a new car which has emphatically been tailored to a course, the new Le Mans Jaguar. Mr. Lyons was, I believe, sorely tempted to send the car to Silverstone; but he eventually decided that this would adversely affect his chances at Le Mans by holding up the final development work. To turn down Silver-

stone was a hard decision to make, but I think Lyons was right in making it.

For the rest Silverstone was as well organized as ever by the B.R.D.C. backed by that great champion of motor sport, the *Daily Express*. I was struck by the improvement in Gonzales's driving. In the past he has given us fireworks all the way, with a good deal of wild driving thrown in. This time he drove without a fault, going as fast or faster than he has ever done in the past, yet without the wildness. Then there was G. A. Vandervell's Vanwall driven by Alan Brown. It is a most promising car and suggests that the Formula I machines (the car at Silverstone was of only two litres capacity) now being prepared may be able to challenge the Ferraris, the Maseratis and the French Gordinis. Another thing that pleased me about Silverstone was Jean Behra's second place in the Trophy final. He is a courageous and skilful driver. In fact one of the few things that did not please me was the bitterly cold wind. It was the only blemish on a delightful meeting.

EXACTLY how the new Morris Oxford Series II fits into the Nuffield-Austin picture I am not sure. Presumably the one and a half litre overhead valve engine is basically the power unit we have met in another admirable vehicle. I made a superficial inspection of the new model when it was first shown in London a short time ago. There is no doubt that the layout is impressive. Built on the mono-construction principle the Series II is a six-seater, four-door saloon. Suspension is by torsion bar for the independent front mounting and semi-elliptic springs at the rear. The clutch is hydraulically operated.

A considerably improved road performance is claimed compared with the earlier Morris Oxford. The figures given me by the makers include a top speed of over 70 miles an hour and a sustained cruising speed of 60 miles an

hour. There is nearly four inches more interior width in the new car and the spare wheel is vertically mounted inside the boot. I would sum up my impressions of the Morris Oxford Series II by saying that it is a thoroughly sound piece of development work. And the price, a little over £744, shows a satisfactory decrease.

FOR a personal note I must return to Silverstone. It was a great pleasure for many followers of motor sport to see Ian Appleyard win the production touring car race in the Mark 7 Jaguar (Rolt and Moss were second and third also in Jaguars). Appleyard has done so well so often in important trials that there was general rejoicing at his victory on the track.

The only diesel-engined car entered at Silverstone, the Borgward 1800, did what it was intended to do; that is it gave a demonstration of smooth, trouble-free running. It had not, of course, the speed to challenge the petrol engined cars. At the end of the race its engine temperature was exactly the same as at the beginning and it did not vary at any time during the run.

SOME question has arisen about the price of the new De Luxe Standard Eight. The Standard Company tells me that the De Luxe is listed at £379, and that with tax it comes to £538 0s. 10d. The Basic Standard Eight Saloon is listed at £339, and costs, with tax, £481 7s. 6d.

The specification for the De Luxe model includes winding windows in all four doors, dual windscreen wipers, twin sun visors and push button door locks.



omilby.



## ENGAGEMENTS



Londre

**Miss Rosemary Cridland**, daughter of Mr. B. E. Cridland, M.C., T.D., and Mrs. Cridland, of Great Witcombe, Glos, is to marry Mr. Richard W. Hewett, R.A., son of Brig. W. G. Hewett, O.B.E., M.C., of Brockhampton, Andoversford, Glos, and of Mrs. T. W. D. Hackett, of Andover, Hants



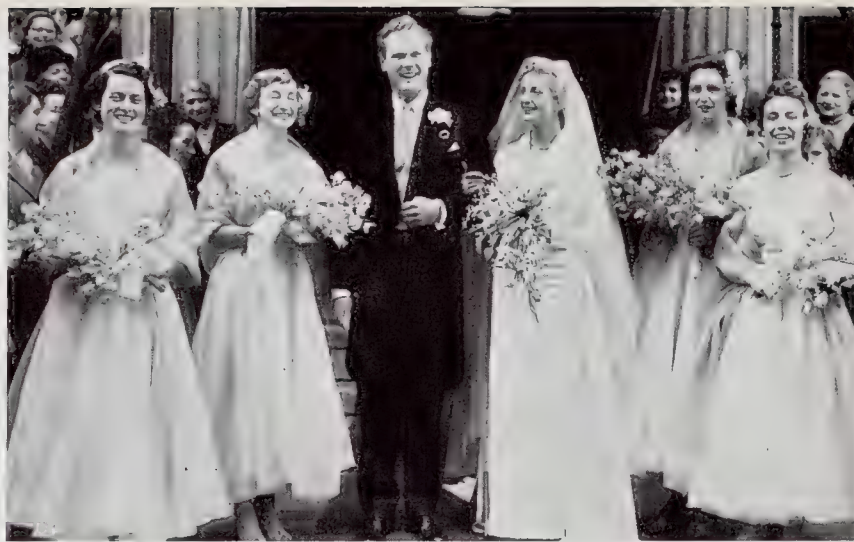
Fayer

**Miss Brigid C. Laver**, daughter of Mr. James Laver, C.B.E., and Mrs. Laver, of Wellington Square, S.W.3, is to marry Mr. Robert L. McEwen, second son of Sir John McEwen, Bt., and Lady McEwen, of Marchmont, Berwickshire



Pearl Freeman

**The Hon. Penelope Harcourt**, daughter of Viscount Harcourt, of Stanton Harcourt, Oxon, and Culross St., W.1, and of the Hon. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, is engaged to Mr. Anthony David Motion, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, son of Major M. D. Motion and Mrs. A. Smail



### GUY—INNES

At St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, Mr. Rowland S. Guy, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Guy, of Sauchieleigh, Albrighton, Wolverhampton, married Miss Delfina Innes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Innes, of Copacabana, Rio de Janeiro

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



### SCOWSILL—DAVIES

Mr. Peter J. Scowsill, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Scowsill, of Efrwd, Llanbedr, Conway, married Miss Anne M. Davies, only daughter of the late Mr. D. E. Davies, and of Mrs. D. E. Davies, of St. Asaph, at Holy Trinity, Trefnant



### MORTLOCK—BUTLER-PORTER

At the Church of St. Thomas, Durban, Mr. Philip Mortlock, only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Mortlock, of Zwartberg, East Griqualand, married Miss Robin Butler-Porter, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Butler-Porter, of Durban



### FOSTER—HERRING

The wedding took place between Mr. Peter F. Foster, son of Mr. N. F. Foster, F.I.O.B., and Mrs. Foster, of Somerby, Loughton, Essex, and Miss Ruth P. Herring, only daughter of Cdr. P. M. Herring, M.A., and Mrs. Herring, of Nolleys, Loughton, at St. John's Church, Loughton



### REEVE—TEMPLE-RICHARDS

At St. George's Church, Hanover Square, Mr. J. P. F. Reeve, son of Major W. N. Reeve, M.B.E., M.C., and Mrs. Reeve, of Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3, married Miss M. E. Temple-Richards, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Temple-Richards, Hindringham Hall, Norfolk





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**Book Reviews** (Continuing from page 528)

## GOODBYE TO THE TOOTHPICKS



PRINCELY glamour appears again in *A ROGUE WITH EASE* (Hart-Davis, 10s. 6d.). This light-hearted, cynical novelette has for author M. K. Argus, and for setting America of the 1920s—here we have, indeed, a “period piece,” with a cloche-hatted lady upon the jacket and a pink heart shedding rays like the sun. (Walter Goetz should be thanked for this witty drawing.) In America of this epoch, you may recall, the boom in blue-blooded White Russians was at its height. And, thinks our hero Saratov one fine morning, why not cash in? Why work in a toothpick factory any longer, when one might be fought for by hostesses, sought in marriage by bevy of gilded débutantes? Saratov lacks but one thing; he is *not* a prince—he is in fact a physician's son, dwelling, since his arrival in New York, in a hive of other obscure White Russian *émigrés*. However, he quickly puts that right.

Magnificence of deportment, a fascinating aroma of past glory and the art of hand-kissing are at once acquired: after one slight hitch, all goes to plan. Our hero's line of attack is backed by his loving study of New World snobberies—“Prince Michael” Saratov's career is, therefore outrageously, blantly funny. As he soon finds, others are in the racket: Count Simski (unable even to speak Russian, for the sufficient reason that he comes from Ohio, but whose broken English is above reproach) is willing to give Saratov a few tips. And Prince Minsky-Pinsky, presiding at the Chicago conference of Russian Noblemen in America, does still better. An association of “noblemen” is formed: to each is allotted his own territory.

From time to time I found myself wishing that our hero's field of activity need not have been Hollywood, already scene of so many farces. Mr. Argus, however, keeps flicking the story clear of what might be obvious complications. In Gorbatova, the bogus ballerina, Saratov all but meets his match. Stadier members of the ingenuous cast of *A Rogue With Ease* are Madame Dubov (Saratov's former landlady), her emotional niece Olga, and capricious uncle Vanya, the inventor.

★ ★ ★

JULIAN SYMONS'S *THE NARROWING CIRCLE* (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) might well be (though I trust it will not) a crime story to end crime stories. For the scene is laid in a fiction-factory, an office block near Holborn, Gross Enterprises, Ltd., where what is required is mass-produced—“First floor was Crime, second Romance, third Western and fourth Science Fiction.” David Nelson, the “I” of the story, works on the first floor, and his analysis of the formulas for the different, sure-fire types of our dear old shockers could be illusion-destroying—I shall forget it!

Among the Gross Enterprise personnel, real-life murder explodes like a bombshell: Willie Strayte is the victim, Nelson the suspect. This book should really go into the novel class: it is psychologically awesome and most convincing—its subject, as the title suggests, is the sensation of being closed in upon. Nelson, against whom evidence piles up, alternates between nightmare and incredulity: his alibis either disown him or disappear, his wife vacillates, he is kept on the stretch by the cat-and-mouse tactics of Inspector Crambo of Scotland Yard—“a slick-haired brisk bright young-looking man in a neat blue pinstripe suit.”

*The Narrowing Circle*, though bitter-flavoured and all but tragic, is in effect a comedy. It should increase Mr. Symons's already high reputation.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

IN his own way conductor Arthur Fiedler has done a great deal to popularize the Boston Promenade Orchestra far beyond the purlieus of the scene of the historic “tea party,” and in doing this he has wooed his public with courage, patience and intelligence as a recent release will endorse.

He now offers abridged versions of the First Movement, Symphony No. 5 in C Minor by Beethoven, the First Movement, Unfinished Symphony, by Schubert, the Second Movement, New World Symphony, by Dvorak, the Third Movement, Symphony No. 4 in F minor, and Second Movement, Symphony No. 5 in E minor, both by Tchaikovsky; also the Fourth Movement, Symphony No. 1 in C minor, by Brahms, the Second Movement, Symphony in D minor, by Franck, and The Festival of Baghdad Scene from *Scheherazade*, by Rimsky-Korsakov.

Here is something not only played and recorded in first-rate style but also of inestimable value, for it is a recording which will not only satisfy the musically minded, but give genuine pleasure to the many who are potentially anxious to be considered music lovers.

It is encouraging to all concerned when such a recording is made available, for the good it can do is indeed far-reaching. (H.M.V. C.L.P. 1015.)

Robert Tredinnick

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**'REV-ROBE' TRAVEL CASE**  
Dresses travel on hangers, with tray-lid for shoes, undies, etc. The tapered model illustrated costs £9.19.6. Other models from 89/6. Men's Rev-Robes from 99/6.

**'REVELATION' SUITCASE**  
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The neat Week-end above costs £6.5.0, and the handy Train Case 92/6. There are Week-enders from 95/-, and there are Train Cases from 39/6.

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*makes packing easy!*

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34" and 36" **£7 10 0**  
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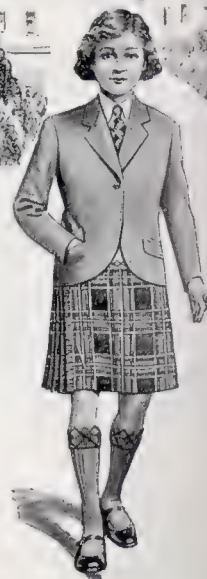
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"The Atholl" outfit as illustrated is as serviceable as it is attractive and comprises Tweed Jacket (which may be supplied in any shade to tone with kilt), Tartan Kilt, Jersey/Blouse, Tie, Stockings, Plain Shoes, and Kilt Pin.

The Kilt still retains its charm and usefulness and has an appeal unachieved by any other Juvenile Dress.

Illustrated catalogue on request



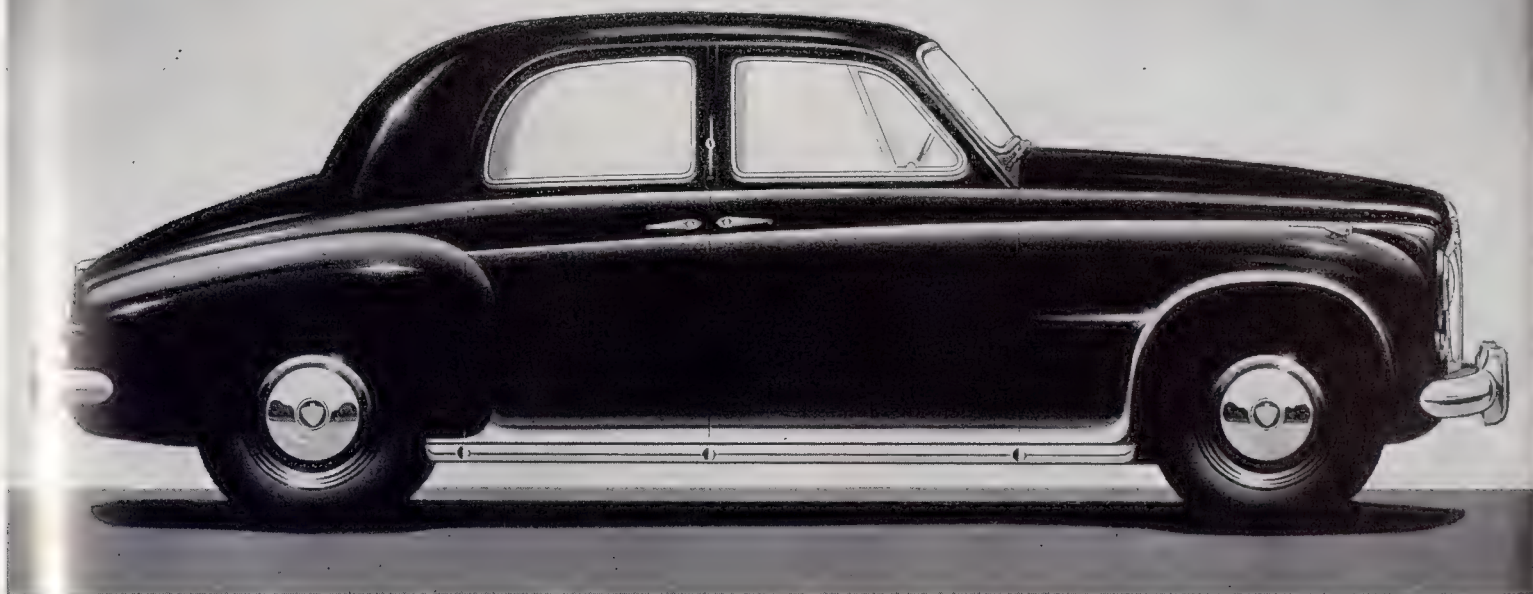
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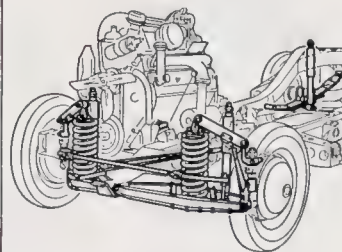


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# ROVER

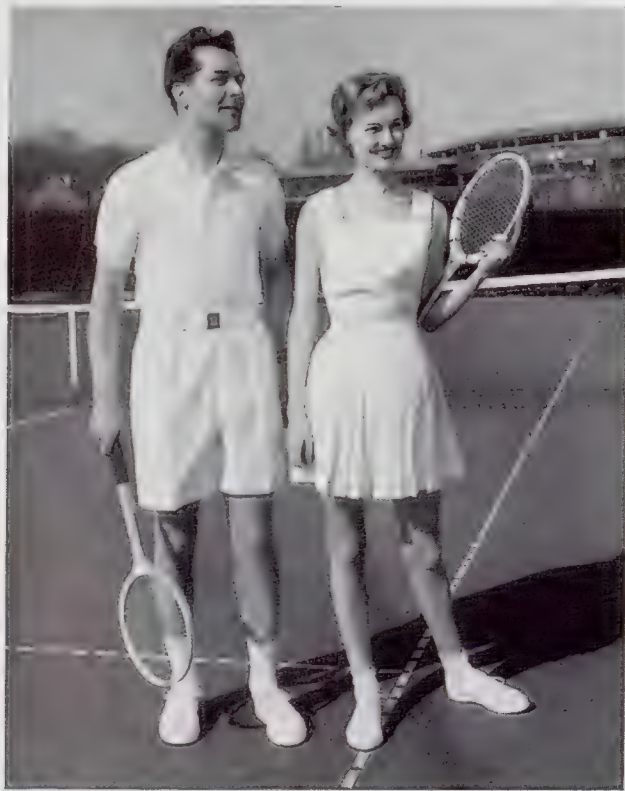
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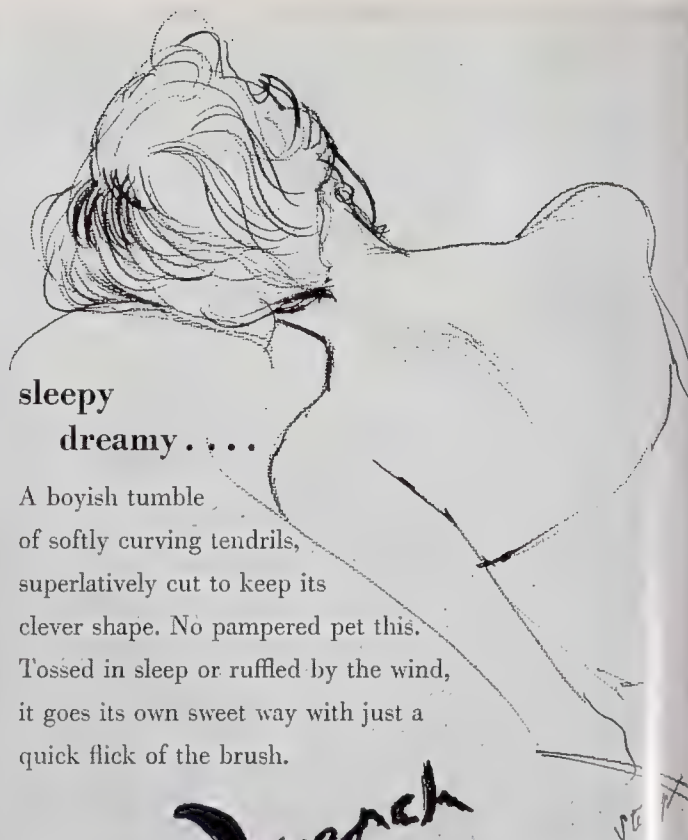


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In choice of nine self colours,  
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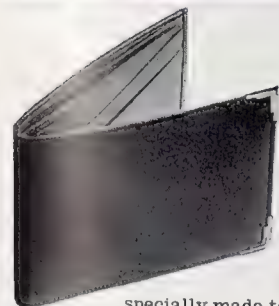
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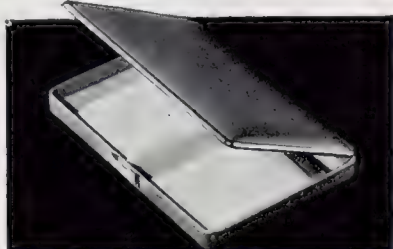
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[NCC 3561]

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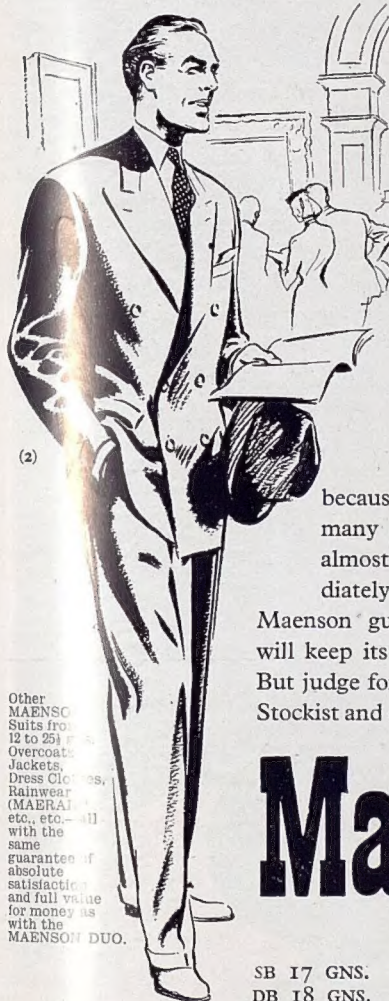
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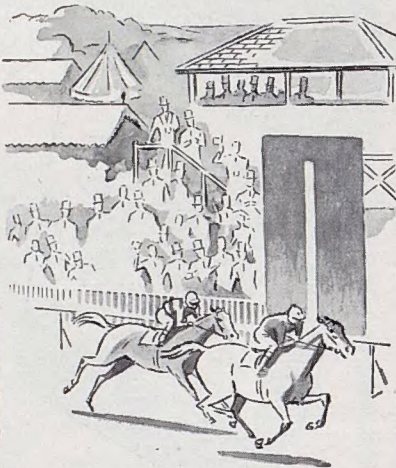
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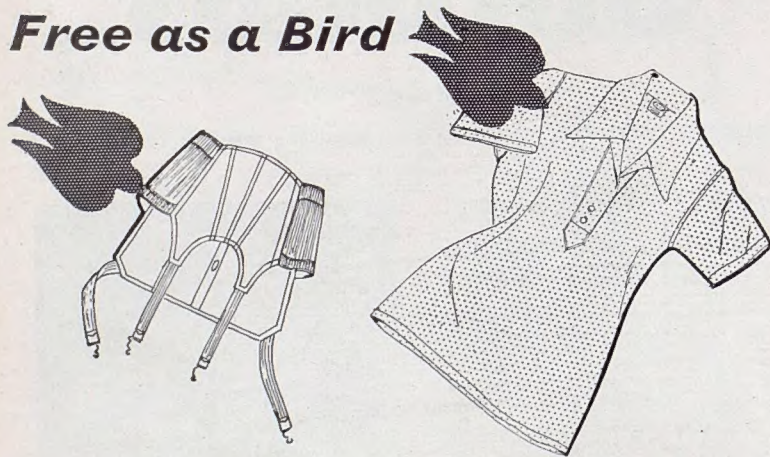


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